THE NATION

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MARTIN LUTHER KING

"You have to weep for this country."

KENNETH CLARK

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LETTERS

classroom reality

Austin, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: I have not read *How Children Learn* by John Holt, but Chandler Brossard's diatribe ["The Child's Style of Learning," *The Nation*, Mar. 11] about the "degrading" educational experience, "especially on the primary level," reveals an abysmal lack of acquaintance with pedagogical reality in this country. As an elementary schoolteacher, and a teacher of teachers, of forty-three years' experience, in one-room rural schools on through to graduate schools, here and abroad, I must state that Mr. Brossard is talking through his hat—and irresponsibly.

Maybe Mr. Holt is expert enough to be critical. I would want to know his credentials. Mr. Brossard, as "a novelist and author of a forthcoming book on Spain" offers not an iota of qualification for his condemnation of elementary schoolteachers and what goes on in classrooms.

I am tired of upstarts who tell us why Johnny can't read or, in this case, "why the child is systematically disengaged from his fragile dignity. . . ." We have empirical evidence that Johnny can and does read, avidly and extensively. Ask the book publishers, or just check the book stores and the libraries. . . . *George I. Sánchez*

Mr. Brossard has taught at C. W. Post College and Fairleigh Dickinson. His ongoing interest in education has taken him to the experimental campus of the new State University College, Old Westbury, where he is associate professor in literature and social science. *Editors*

Boeing

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: As an otherwise appreciative reader, I wish to correct the impression you seem to have of the Boeing Company as a war profiteer (an opinion I have noticed two or three times in recent issues).

The Boeing Company does the least defense work of all aerospace firms, that is, about 40 per cent of its sales for the past four years have been for the government.

Most of this 40 per cent is unconnected with the Vietnamese War. It includes such work as the Minuteman missile, the Saturn and the SRAM. The only work the Boeing Company does that is connected with the war is the Chinook helicopter, which is built by Vertol in Pennsylvania. The Chinook was conceived as a civilian helicopter, and was contracted for well before the Vietnamese build-up began.

As you see, the unfortunate opinions of Senators Jackson and Magnuson cannot be attributed to the location of the Boeing Company. Besides, Rep. Brock Adams, who comes from a district that is well described as all Boeing, is not exactly a flaming hawk. *C. I. Crawford*

abortion law

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Governor Reagan is not as blundering as you imply ["Humane Doctors: Inhumane Law," *The Nation*, Feb. 26]. The new California abortion law is so worded that, on maternal psychiatric grounds, it indirectly covers rubella (as you state) and any other deforming diseases—without naming them specifically. This broadly worded law is all that is needed—more specific listing of legal indications for abortion would be coercive to the physician and would be out of date much quicker than the previous 100-year-old "inhumane law."

Richard Thomas Barton, M.D.

EDITORIALS

MARTIN LUTHER KING

Within the shock of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. rests the additional shock of realizing that he was only 39 when the gunman found him. Dr. King emerged as the leader of his people's strength and dignity in Montgomery in 1956 (he was 27), and since then his has been the senior voice of moral integrity and humane determination in the United States. As Dr. Kenneth Clark said on the night of the slaying, "You have to weep for this country."

And it is by the grace of Dr. King's spirit that this whole country may mourn its loss. His generosity excluded no one, not the most complacent, not the most heedless, not the most bigoted, from the dream he had. He was a man capable of magnificent anger, but hate was not in him; he denounced the act, never the man. Hatred, indeed, was his single foe—both the hatred that steamed out of prejudice and the hatred which, in retaliation and frustration, the black people have been calling down on white society. Violence is now expected, but if Dr. King's spirit can live with us in the next few weeks it need not occur.

> 'Let Justice roll down like waters in a mighty stream,' said the Prophet Amos. He was seeking not consensus but the cleansing action of revolutionary change. America has made progress toward freedom, but measured against the goal the road ahead is still long and hard.

For many years, it was *The Nation*'s privilege to publish Dr. King's annual report on civil rights, an address on the State of the Nation in the true sense of the phrase. The above quote comes from his article of March 15, 1965; it is typical of how his mind worked: Proud, unhampered by passion, perfectly understanding the size of the job to be done and utterly confident that men endued with his spirit could do it.

The road is still long and hard, and this terrible killing, which could be motivated only by the malice of ignorance, makes it the more difficult to a degree no one can yet estimate.

But one thing is certain: we must march. We must march all together and in his name; violence is always irrelevant, in the context of Dr. King's life it is obscene. As the country knows, he had planned to enter Washington later this month at the head of a "Poor People's Crusade." That appointment must be kept—it is the solemn duty of the government to see that it is kept and that it goes forward in the spirit of magnanimous determination to let justice roll down that animated every action Dr. King took. And we should all be there, for now that Dr. King is slain, the title of his crusade takes on a different meaning: in his shadow, we are all "Poor People." Decency is all he ever asked of the country, and only by the decency of social justice and human respect can the country heal itself of this intolerable deed.

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The President's Decision

Mr. Johnson made the decision we had repeatedly predicted he would make, and for the reason we had advanced —the logic of politics left him no alternative. The necessity was twofold: the war in Vietnam, for which he was primarily responsible in its phase of intervention with U.S. troops; and, as Ted Lewis pointed out in these pages (January 29), the fact that the Johnson personality itself had become a factor dividing the country and militating against his re-election. The news from Texas, as reported in the *Dallas Morning News*, that the war and his conduct of it had lost majority backing even in that most hawkish of states, must have been the iron that pierced Mr. Johnson's soul.

As for the President's personal make-up, it was hardly something that he could change, yet he could not but be aware that it had alienated a very large number—by all indications a majority—of his fellow citizens. Ironically, even after those traumatic moments when he suddenly announced his intention not to seek re-election, widespread skepticism persisted, and many people still are not wholly assured that he meant what he said. One of these, for example, is General Gavin, a soldier of distinguished achievement who has become wise in the ways of politics and business after his retirement from the Army. Rep. Wright Patman, a Johnson supporter, came on the air immediately after the speech to argue that the Democratic Party would never accept anyone but Mr. Johnson as its candidate. The President was not responsible for Mr. Patman's reaction, but it is worth noting that Mr. Patman did not take Mr. Johnson's solemn word as binding.

We do not read the statement that way; we take it at face value. The question that does trouble us is the validity of the policy change which the President coupled with his withdrawal. Had he not announced the latter, the former would have been of little consequence. One can see it in perspective by dismissing from one's mind the broadcast presentation and instead reading the text as it appeared in the early editions of the morning papers. This was the version the White House released to the press before the President went on the air, and it does not contain the withdrawal announcement. Without it, the gesture of de-escalation amounts to no more than a restriction of geographical area, which for the moment exempts most of the North Vietnamese population from bombing and in effect makes Hanoi and Haiphong open cities as long—and only as long —as that is the President's pleasure.

In every other respect the Administration's interpretation of history is reiterated without an iota of change: South Vietnam was invaded by North Vietnam, a total aggressor: the United States intervened, not in a civil war but to protect all Asia from the Red Chinese tyranny hovering over the continent; the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese are solely responsible for the devastation wrought by the Tet offensive, which was a failure for the enemy except that (one small concession) it did draw some ARVN forces back from the countryside into the cities. The lawfully elected government of South Vietnam was going to try harder, we would supply its forces with better weapons, and still another 13,500 American troops

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were being sent in. And the end: a "strong and confident and vigilant America" stands ready to make an honorable peace and to defend an "honored cause whatever the price, whatever the burden, whatever the sacrifice that duty may require." Except for the "duly elected" government of South Vietnam, it could all have been said two years ago.

Rumors of a response are coming in by short wave from North Vietnam as this is written. What position Hanoi will be found to have taken—dismissing the rodomontade which it will well understand is intended for domestic consumption and to protect Thieu and Ky from heart seizures—depends on many factors. How hard up are they militarily? What diplomatic pressures are being brought to bear by friendly nations and by U Thant and perhaps by the USSR? Do the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong feel that they have been a factor in Johnson's withdrawal and that they have thus gained a victory of sorts? Do they think he will be reasonable to deal with at the conference table—first, if he wishes to be; second, if he can defy extreme hawk sentiment at home? These are only samples of the parameters acting in a situation of this sort.

From Mr. Johnson's standpoint, only if he can come up with at least a cease-fire, or an armed truce like that in Korea, before the end of his term, can he count on the honorable place in history which is now the only thing left for him to seek. If Mr. Johnson's desire for peace has not become genuine, if by an "honorable" peace he does not mean one of mutual accommodation, he is victimizing all of us, but most of all himself.

Dissent and Politics

An argument which *The Nation* has consistently advanced finds vindication in the sequence of events culminating in the President's decision not to seek renomination. We have argued (the arguments were summarized in a talk by the editor on "Dissent and Politics" at the University of Michigan on March 28) that there can be no meaningful politics without dissent and no meaningful dissent without politics.

Politics is not a self-generating activity; it must be fueled by dissent. Politicians will repeat outmoded dogmas from one election to the next until—by pressure of strong, sustained dissenting opinion—they are finally forced to address themselves to new realities and new issues.

With dissent in eclipse throughout the cold-war years, a large measure of rot accumulated in the political system. Not surprisingly, therefore, there was no immediate political response when dissent over the war in Vietnam began to assume significant proportions. In anger and dismay, the efforts of the dissenters were redoubled; still there was no response. Then the rhetoric of protest became more vehement and the demonstrations more militant, as dissent "took to the streets." Still the same stolid brush-offs and stereotyped rejoinders. In despair, some of the protesters began to correlate the increased size of the demonstrations with the military escalations in Vietnam: the bigger the demonstrations, the more savage the escalations. Many participants in the growing resistance began to feel that the demonstrations were futile and that the political process had failed. Unnoticed, however, was the fact that public concern had deepened and the number of "converts"—in Congress, in the media, in mass organizations—had begun to increase. Even so, if anyone had suggested prior to January 1 that the protest movement might force the President to bow out, he would have been dismissed as a dreamer.

Yet the recent events are clearly a belated political response to the growing force and momentum of the protest movement. True, headlines have been a powerful catalyst—the Tet offensive, the gold drain, etc.—but events alone would not have produced the remarkable shift in opinion that has taken place since the early summer of 1967. The resistance (it is more that than it is a peace movement) can take major credit for what has happened. Again and again in these pages we have expressed admiration for the ingenuity and persistence of thousands of "concerned citizens" who, in default of political leadership and with virtually no organization, discovered—in many cases invented—unconventional means through which to give political expression to their feelings about the war. In volume, variety and inventiveness this movement has been quite without precedent: when the story is told in detail, it will constitute one of the most extraordinary chapters of our political history.

Ironically, this amazing demonstration of political vitality has been effected by a movement many elements of which professed to have abandoned all confidence in the political process! Yet the moment a means was found by which the mounting volume of disaffection could find political expression, the stalemate was broken. That means was the candidacy of Senator McCarthy. From then on, the accumulation of "unthinkable thoughts" rapidly set in motion a sequence of "impossible" events. At the moment, all that can be safely said is that the relationship between dissent and politics, between thought and action, is being re-established. But it is a good omen. Today as yesterday, thought without action is empty, just as action without thought is blind.

What Now?

The first duty of contenders for the Presidency—those now in the race and those who may enter—is to keep the Administration under constant pressure to seek a peaceful settlement of the war. The fact that the President has withdrawn from the race creates for him an opportunity to negotiate that is free of the suspicion that he might be using the negotiations for personal political advantage.

This is a net gain. But it would be a mistake to grant him carte blanche in the conduct of the war and the handling of whatever negotiations finally shape up. He is entitled to the "national unity" which he asserts as his paramount aim only if he seeks to unite the nation in pursuit of a peaceful settlement at the earliest possible date. That is what a clear majority clearly wants. If the President moves in this direction, he will need all the support he can get. If it comes to negotiations with the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front, the hawks will be standing invisibly behind our negotiations and making a

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difficult task next to impossible. The President will also have to stand firm against hawkish pressure from the Joint Chiefs. Also, our dear allies in South Vietnam are quite capable of trying to upset any negotiations that may be undertaken. In brief, the President expects too much if he expects that he should now be granted unrestricted freedom of action simply because he is not a candidate.

By retiring from the race, the President has focused a new and sharper light on all those who aspire to succeed him; these contenders will now be put to new tests of their fitness for the Presidency. "Running against Johnson" is out; the contenders must now address themselves to issues, to policy questions, and to their conception of what Presidential leadership entails. They must demonstrate courage and intelligence in criticizing the President should he hesitate to pursue a peaceful settlement, and in supporting him when he does. By removing himself as the target, the President has made all the contenders subject to a new and closer scrutiny. For it is quite likely that the President's successor will have to carry on any negotiations which may get under way between now and the end of the year. Which of the candidates, of both parties, would prove most reliable and skillful in pressing negotiations to a successful conclusion? Which man would be most likely to place such negotiations in jeopardy?

One of the windfall benefits of the President's decision is that it must place all the contenders on their mettle. At such a time, in such a situation, the public should look for qualities other than the ability, for example, to incite a frenzy among students. What the public must determine is which candidate best exemplifies the qualities essential to Presidential leadership—an extremely difficult and dangerous phase of our national history. These qualities, in some respects, are different from the ones that have applied in the past.

It is part of Mr. Johnson's personal tragedy that he has never understood what Presidential leadership entails in the context of the New Politics. In our view, Senator McCarthy's most notable contribution to the campaign to date consists in his clear specification of the nature of Presidential leadership today. As he sees it, a President must recognize the limitations of his power, precisely because so much power is vested in the office. He must not conduct a "personal" Presidency, of the type that President Johnson enforced, with results that are now painfully evident. He must not operate the Presidency in a conspiratorial manner, with emphasis on "secrecy" and intrigue; nor must he seek to manipulate (as opposed to rallying and leading) public opinion. On the contrary, he must be able to win and hold public trust and confidence through demonstrated personal and political integrity—i.e., the integrity of his conception of the office—and through his ability to communicate with the people. He must conduct an "open" Presidency, in which the people can participate. Before November, voters must engage in some hard thinking about the Presidency as an institution, and the executive qualities that it requires. President Johnson's misconception of the office, and the style of leadership it requires nowadays, makes it the more imperative that his successor should understand the role of the President in the setting of the New Politics.

The Chorus and Miss McCarthy

Chorus (Second stasimon, *Oedipus, the King*):

> My lot be still to lead
> The life of innocence and fly
> Irreverence in word or deed

The press, like the Greek chorus, is the expression of vaguely opinionated norms. It seldom ventures, it seldom shows any but minute alterations. Now and then a Thespis comes out of it in the form of a Lippmann or a small-circulation periodical such as this one, but it usually turns out that Thespis was never really in the choric guild, that he has worn the outfit only to promote solidarity.

The choric nature of the press shows itself clearly in Presidential election years: the candidates it settles upon, the questions it asks those candidates. Thus Senator McCarthy is always asked if he will release his delegates to Senator Kennedy at the convention; but, oddly enough, Senator Kennedy is rarely asked if he will release his to Senator McCarthy. The press, on the whole, has settled them into roles: Senator McCarthy (to paraphrase Shaw) is to play horse to Senator Kennedy's Lady Godiva.

The erosive power of choric insistence was charmingly illustrated the other day by Senator McCarthy's marvelous 18-year-old daughter, Ellen. Asked again if it were true that it was she who'd suggested that her father run, she said: "In January, I was denying it, in February, I'd forgotten whether or not it was true. Now I'm admitting it."

The nice thing about press and chorus is that, except for personal safety, they have no long-term interests. Thus the press must be credited for reporting Miss McCarthy's contribution to what we can hope will be the popping of its own bubble.

RICHARD STERN

Act of Sanity

For the first time in three decades, California's Criminal Syndicalism Act, adopted during the red-scare era following World War I, was invoked in 1966. A Los Angeles man was indicted under the statute, which forbids teaching, advocating, aiding or abetting crimes of violence to effect political change or to change industrial ownership. The man's offense was to distribute Progressive Labor Party leaflets outside an inquest into the death of a Negro shot by a policeman. The leaflets said in part: "Revolution is necessary . . . . Revolution means a complete overthrow of the system. No accommodation! No compromise!"

No act of violence was charged against the man, 24, a Negro and a former Mississippi civil rights worker. His attorneys, losing in the state courts, appealed to the federal district court. They argued that the law was so broad that it suppressed free speech. Agreeing with that contention, a three-judge panel unanimously held: "The assertion of doctrinal justification of criminal syndicalism, or of any other doctrine, however repulsive or unpatriotic, clearly falls within the protection of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, and such conduct may not be proscribed by statute." After a half-century of nonsense, the federal judges countered California's Syndicalism Act with an act of sanity.

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NO LONGER A SICK CAMPAIGN

TED LEWIS
Mr. Lewis is head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

Washington

President Johnson's political exit removes from the campaign the man whom millions of thoughtful Americans strongly felt they could not endure for four more years. Now the nation is in a position to express its preferences among a group of Presidential candidates, any of whom (except George Wallace) it could "live with" through 1972. An immediate assessment of the impact of Johnson's withdrawal on the remaining Presidential aspirants in all parties would be witless and parochial. What is nationally vital and sublimely relevant is that his voluntary action has eliminated the deplorable "hate issue" from this year's campaign.

From now through the November election the partisan debate will be no longer sick but comparatively healthy. The fundamental issue of Johnson's image, a national calamity in itself, is gone. From this time on, it can be said hopefully, the country will no longer be obsessed by anti-Johnsonism, and can turn its attention to more profitable concerns.

This then is the gain that can be assessed without delay. It means for the Republican Party that it cannot expect "just any old candidate" to lure the votes of Democrats and independents who have been disillusioned, disgusted, or discouraged by the way Johnson has handled the Presidency. A constructive approach is now required of Richard M. Nixon—clear, specific alternatives to the controversial foreign and domestic policies of the present Administration.

The same return to normalcy in campaign procedure must similarly be followed by Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. They cannot continue to promise simply that they will lift the country out of the swamp of despair, an appeal for support aimed at attracting those millions of Democrats who are upset by Johnson's response to the war, inflation and slum unrest. Thus, in any count of blessings, the chief one is the elevation of the campaign to a more decent and substantive level. The personal involvement of so many millions has, as a result, already begun to be less emphatic. The youth movement, for example, must begin to lose its punch, because the political villain is no longer there to supply the anti-hero adrenalin that induces the crusade spirit.

While it lasted, this personal involvement of an unprecedented number of millions of Americans was an uncontrollable and incalculable force. It clearly was of such dimensions as to greatly disturb the President, convincing him that the popular will demanded de-escalation in Vietnam and that in order to change his policy effectively he would, at the same time, have to renounce second-term intentions. But it was a force which, while it might produce good, sprang from prejudices, coupled with deep frustrations and distrust of the President that fed on racial discord, on economic and sectional schisms. Its prime rallying point was not to achieve some goal; it was, rather, antipathy for the President, as a person.

It therefore follows that this force has now lost much of its reason for being. This change may not be imme-

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diately apparent, but it will become so during the summer and fall. The threat of riots in the streets, surpassing those ugly disturbances of a year ago, has diminished. The mere departure of the President will make it definitely less hazardous to travel to and from the convention auditorium in Chicago next August. So in a real sense, personal involvement in this campaign now becomes more constructive than destructive, less fiery and more tolerant.

Any effort to analyze the effect of Johnson's retreat on the nomination chances of McCarthy and Kennedy must be hazardous. Each has already changed his political style. Each hopes that the President will remain neutral. Each must of necessity refrain from further hard thrusts at Johnson's conduct in office, both in connection with the critical problems at home and with those in Southeast Asia. Johnson has not changed the past by vacating the Presidency, but he is now a noncombatant and voters will want his critics to respect that aloofness.

So it can be confidently expected that what barbs are fired by the two candidates in his own party will be aimed at Hubert Humphrey in the climactic months before the convention. Humphrey's chances for the Presidential nomination look now to be exceedingly remote, but he must speak out politically as the chief Administration partisan orator. He will be tied to the past in a sense that Johnson now is not, and he will be thought fair game.

At this time of writing, the dust of the President's speech is far from settled. Victories in one or two primaries, New Hampshire and Wisconsin, do not hold much portent for McCarthy. Neither, for that matter, would Kennedy triumphs in Oregon, California and Indiana point unmistakably to his nomination. Too many unpredictable events are likely between now and late August. The present key issue of Vietnam would fade away should Hanoi show a disposition to negotiate. The crisis in the cities could turn on the basic issue of law and order rather than on more federal funds. The popularity polls could show McCarthy stronger than Kennedy in a race against Nixon, or Humphrey stronger than the other two Democrats.

There are political uncertainties for Nixon too. Nelson Rockefeller might suddenly find that events have worked to his advantage, producing a genuine grass-roots draft.

But what was once the foremost and most tragic issue of this election year has disappeared for good. The question of whether one likes or violently dislikes the personality of Lyndon Baines Johnson is not going to be the decisive factor.

POLAND: ANTI-SEMITISM AS USUAL

SAMUEL L. SHARP

Mr. Sharp is professor of international relations at The American University in Washington, D.C., and the author of Poland: White Eagle on a Red Field (*Harvard University Press*). *He is currently in Germany on sabbatical leave.*

To someone who spent thirty years of his life in Poland, the noises currently emanating from there have, somewhat perversely, the reassuring quality of the familiar. Whether it is "the Jews" or "the Zionists" who are being blamed for the unrest among young intellectuals and students, it all sounds, in a way, "normal." In the period between the World Wars a joke of sorts often heard in Poland was built around the statement that anything untoward was the fault of the Jews and the bicycle riders. The humor lay in the standard reaction to this statement: Why the bicycle riders? It was normal to blame the Jews, and apparently it still is. What puzzles and distresses many outsiders is that this should be so after the cataclysmic changes which have affected Poland in general, but most radically the once flourishing Jewish community there. How is it possible—many ask—that there should be virulent anti-Semitism in a country whose Jewish population has been reduced from more than 3 million to less than 30,000? Why do the authorities still find it convenient to cater more or less officially to anti-Semitism?

Such puzzlement betrays an ignorance of the psychology and sociology of prejudice. It is precisely the quasi-total success of Hitler's "solution" that exposes those who survived it or returned after it to an attitude of resentment which operates on various levels. On the lowest "zoological" level, the Germans were blamed for not living up to their reputation for thoroughness. Resentment was directed against those who would show up in their former haunts and attempt to reclaim property—a piece of real estate or merely a pair of candlesticks—that had somehow been "inherited" by Poles (not necessarily collaborators with the Nazis). On another level, anger was directed at the disproportionately large number of Jews in the apparatus of the new regime, including economic and cultural management. Why "so many" Jews were to be found in the postwar governing elite is obvious. Interwar Poland easily bred alienation, especially among the ethnic minorities, and there were indeed many Jews in the ranks of Poland's then illegal Communist Party. After World War II the bulk of the ethnically Polish intelligentsia was in exile or hostile to the new regime, and the apparatus had to be recruited from those available and willing to work.

Poles have somewhat strict standards as to what constitutes "too many" Jews. The peculiar circumstances of postwar Poland made the now tiny Jewish minority stick out even more than before. As a result of the expulsion of the Germans, extermination of the Jews and frontier changes which put the Ukrainians and Byelorussians within the borders of an enlarged USSR, post-1945 Poland was more homogeneously Polish (and technically more Catholic, too) than it had been before. This national homogeneity was one of the few things which the masses of the Polish population liked about the new regime. In a privately circulated report written after a visit to Poland in 1948, I suggested that under the specific circum-

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stances of the country the position of its Jews, although on the surface not too bad, was precarious:

> The maintaining of a distinctly separate cultural pattern and even separate political institutions by a group of some eighty thousand people in a strongly nationalistic country cannot, in my opinion, continue indefinitely. In this respect there is little "hope" beyond temporary survival. Genuine hopes of most Jews in Poland are connected, as they were before, with the possibility of leaving the country. . . . Should the possibilities of a regular and orderly emigration reappear, it is safe to assume that 70 per cent or more of the Polish Jews would choose to leave the country of haunting memories and precarious survival. . . . The hope of emigration is the only specific hope entertained by the majority of Polish Jews, i.e. by those who either do not want to lose their national and cultural identity or do not believe genuine assimilation possible. . . .

The prediction of the number of Jews who would want to leave the country proved to be almost perfectly accurate once the possibility of emigration reappeared after 1956. The last passage of the cited report also seems to have retained its validity twenty years later, not because of any particular insights on my part but because it addressed itself to the persistent dilemma of an ethnic minority in an environment of prejudice. Those who look for "reasons" to explain prejudice which is by definition irrational, forget that it has nothing to do with what its target group does or fails to do. In Poland after 1918, Jews were blamed when they stuck to their traditional ways—they were then called an alien element in the body politic; but they were also blamed when they tried to lose their Jewish identity and gain recognition as genuine Poles. Much of this attitude has survived, in spite of misleading appearances to the contrary and contrary to some recent official statements.

There has been something unreal about the surface vigor of social and cultural activities among the surviving Jews in postwar Poland; and an air of particular unreality to the appearance of special government solicitude for those activities. To mention just one example: the state support of a Jewish (Yiddish language) theatre directed by the famous actress Ida Kaminska, a theatre whose potential audiences are dead. A defector from Kaminska's troupe on the occasion of its recent visit to this country stated flatly that the theatre was kept alive "as a tourist attraction and an export that brings in a double income: money and propaganda" (Henryk Grynberg, in *Midstream*, March, 1948). However, the really poignant group is not the Jews who want to preserve their identity but the assimilated who consider themselves Communists first or Poles first. Their situation, especially in the higher ranks of the government, was at all times tinged with unreality; their very presence belied the only gift of the regime that was meaningful to the masses: a Polish Poland. Some were removed from power as "Stalinists," others are now being attacked as Zionists or as "rootless cosmopolitans" in a belated echo of Stalin's line.

The situation, in spite of the disturbing example set by developments in the Soviet Union, need not have become acute. In the current flush of interest in what the Czechs are doing, it may be forgotten that it was in Czechoslovakia that people were executed years ago as "Zionist spies." In Poland, even at the peak of Stalinism, extreme measures were rare. That, incidentally, is how Gomulka survived when his counterparts in other Eastern European countries went to the gallows. High officials of Jewish origin might have continued their precarious hold on leading positions in government, the national economy and in the universities had it not been for the intrusion of external factors which transformed a latent issue into an explosive one. In fact, there was a convergence of factors: the Arab-Israeli war and its repercussions in the Soviet bloc countries, the outbreak of student unrest which combined the global *malaise* of youth with specific local grievances, and the storm kicked up against this background of dissatisfaction by the intervention of the censors in the production of *Dziady*, a 19th-century piece of romantic grandiloquence by the poet Adam Mickiewicz, with anti-Muscovite digs which can be either understated or "escalated" by stress and intonation.

Pierre, Aux Ecoutes, Paris (Ben Roth)

Gomulka and the Students

The June, 1967, war between Israel and the Arab states had called forth manifestations first of anxiety, then of relief and pride among the Jews in Poland (and elsewhere in the Soviet bloc countries). This would in itself cause no particular reaction were it not displayed in the face of an officially anti-Israeli stand taken by the Soviet Union and faithfully echoed by the Polish authorities. Much more disturbing than the feelings of pro-Zionist Jews has been the reaction of certain elements in the military leadership. As some Polish generals saw it, the Soviet Union was pouring more and better equipment down the Arab rat

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hole than was being made available to Warsaw Pact countries. To counteract such an attitude, it had to be denounced as "Zionist," although few if any Jews were involved in this phase of the action. The alleged assistance of West Germany to Israel was also dragged in, and it is always fairly safe to play on anti-German attitudes in Poland. In the process, the distinctions between "Zionists," "Jews" and "Neo-Nazis" were somehow blurred.

Beset by various problems, most of them of a structural nature and not capable of an easy solution even by brighter planners than those who run Poland, the regime is also in the throes of a struggle for political power and, apparently, for the succession to the ailing Gomulka. The less pressure a country of the Soviet bloc suffers from Moscow, the more "native" does the style of its internal political struggles tend to become. In Poland, therefore, something would definitely be missing if the Jewish issue were not pulled in. Though there is no direct connection between the repercussions of the six-day Arab-Israeli war and the current unrest among students and intellectuals, it was convenient to lump the two, because the first one may be claimed to involve the international position of Poland, and deviation from the government line on such issues can be easily classed as akin to treason.

In the struggle for power, Gomulka occupies the "centrist" position and it is therefore not surprising to see him resort to typical "centrist" tactics. Since he could not quite give the "Partisans" a free run with the Jewish issue, he decided to use an aspect of it himself—the plausible sounding attack on "Zionism" as an imperialist tool.

However, as study of the full text of his by now notorious speech to the party activists of Warsaw shows, he went beyond the "Zionist" aspects of the problem and raised the basic issue of what he described as the need on the part of Jewish citizens for a clear self-definition (*samookréslenie*) of their position in today's Poland. He described some Jews as being connected rationally and sentimentally with Israel rather than with Poland; he promised emigration passports to those who wished to go where their real loyalties lay. Gomulka specifically attacked the distinguished writer Antoni Slonimski for clinging to "cosmopolitan" attitudes, and stated rather ominously that people with such feelings and views should not be employed in areas where "national affirmation" is necessary. Slonimski is a fascinating case of a life-long attempt to legitimize the desire for a genuinely Polish identity. Though born to a father converted to Catholicism, Slonimski is also the grandson of Chaim Zelig Slonimski, editor and publisher of the first Hebrew weekly in Poland. He has in the past written some foolish things about Jews (Gomulka quoted at him an "anti-Semitic" piece he had written back in 1924), but he has also taken a very courageous stand on cultural freedom. To round out Slonimski's problems one must add a detail of not-frivolous meaning in Poland; an apparently vengeful Jehovah has endowed this son of a defector from the fold with a strikingly Semitic appearance. He is an ideal target.

This leads to the brunt of Gomulka's attack on some Jews—his statement that certain participants in the recent student disorders were "of Jewish origin or nationality" and the offspring of parents occupying responsible and even very high positions in the government. In Gomulka's somewhat obscure language, this has caused a "distorted interpretation of the slogan of struggle against Zionism." Yet, distorted or not, the procedure of visiting the sins of sons on their fathers has already extended to the removal from his top party and government position of an old and devoted Communist, Roman Zambrowski, born Reuben Nussbaum. Others will no doubt follow. What role the children of the privileged have played in the recent unrest we do not know, although by inference from other societies, East and West, it would not be surprising to find them among the leaders of a protest against the system. They most certainly were not agents of any CIA-Zionist-West German conspiracy. But it is quite possible that these sons and daughters of parents who had hoped to gain for their children a lasting and unquestioned place in the Poland of their choice have become converted to a militant Jewish and even Zionist identity by the evidence of stubborn rejection staring them in the face.

COUNTER CULTURE IV

THE FUTURE AS COMMUNITY

THEODORE ROSZAK

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A middle-aged man—a novelist and social critic—is watching several kids play a game of "down the river" in a busy city street. In particular, his eyes fall admiringly on a 17-year-old boy who has organized the game and who is his homosexual partner. The boy is a college dropout, a gifted social misfit in a society that cannot make place for his irrepressible, if tactless, honesty. But he knows how to organize a ball game and can lose himself gracefully in the spontaneous fun of the little community of players that has crystallized around him. And for that, especially, the man loves him. The game gathers pace, taking on the beauty of lively young bodies immersed in play. But then the shop owner whose wall has been appropriated for the game appears, and for no sensible reason, calls a cop to disperse the kids. The man does not, and the boy cannot, stand up to the cop's authority. The kids scatter. The boy turns on the man for having failed to challenge the cop, for having "betrayed natural society." Afraid that the boy will go sour-cynical, the man skillfully maneuvers their confrontation through tears, outrage, sardonic humor. And

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yet, the man himself is stricken with a shame and powerlessness that must be vented. That night he is scheduled to broadcast a social commentary over New York's listener-supported radio station. The subject he chooses is the traffic problem, and he enters an impassioneed plea for outlawing the private automobile from the city and giving the streets back to the natural activities of play and leisure. He produces a practical proposal to that end.

The scene is from Paul Goodman's most recent novel, *Making Do*. Located in the middle of a work of fiction, the chapter is called "Banning the Cars from New York" and is a serious discussion of that issue. Surrounded by a cast of fictitious characters, the central figure of the novel, the middle-aged social critic, is pure autobiography. Thus, the scene, like the whole book, is a peculiar mix of the actual and the imaginary: in the small space of a single incident, it neatly distills much of what Paul Goodman is all about.

Focusing on a spontaneous and joyous human activity, the civic issue builds up from the problems of children. The wide-ranging social analysis is rooted in the thwarted animal needs of young bodies at play. The philanthropic care for society emerges from a man's physical love for a boy. The man and the boy in their confrontation relate as Gestalt therapist to patient, channeling their anger and frustration into a rough, immediate give and take aimed at producing tears and then humor. The man's political *modus operandi* is precise intellectual discourse via an independent radio station. The initial object of his practical proposal is the reclamation of the city, of a particular city—New York—in order that it might become a human community once again. And behind the contemporary scene there looms the Socratic paradigm: the wise citizen loitering in the agora to play mentor to a youth he loves body and soul, and in whom the future of the polis resides. So the incident ends with the bitter-sweet credo: "This I did with all my will and apparently indefatigably (but I will one day drop with weariness)—I invented a different practical world than this world that made no sense and took the heart out of me. Instead of resigning, I reacted, in moments of despair, by thinking up something else, and behaving as if this more pleasing landscape might indeed come to be the case."

Where and how does one begin to understand a figure as complex as Paul Goodman? Much of what the young, whose champion he has become, know about him derives from his essays and lectures in social criticism. But a novel is perhaps the best place to begin, for it is primarily as a novelist (and poet) that Goodman understands himself: a creative writer who cannot, however, exclude the torments of the real world from his imaginative excursions, and who in both his novels (*Empire City, Making Do*) has chosen the frustrated aspirations of youth in quest of education as his primary means of expression.

From his early background as poet and novelist, Goodman draws the visionary gift that distinguishes his style of social analysis. With this vision he has created the vivid images of a new society to which the young, in their desperate need to grow up sanely in an insane environment, have responded. An artist who sets himself to making a critique of social ills is bound to play the role of a utopian, an inventor of better worlds, who cannot, like the conventional sociologist, let the tyranny of established fact monopolize the discussion of human possibilities.

If Goodman's *Communitas* (his first major social statement, written in collaboration with his architect brother, Percival, in 1947) is the best study of city planning to appear in postwar America, it is not only because the critique insists on treating the problems of the city as part of the problems of the economy at large but mainly, I think, because the spirit of artistry hovers over the book from start to finish. It has wit, satirical bite, the power of imagery. Only a novelist could have depicted the impending idiocy of our postwar affluence as Goodman did in his projected "City of Efficient Consumption"—one colossal department store whose citizen-shoppers indulge at the end of each year in a Walpurgis Night of riotous destruction which clears away the inventories and ungluts the economy.

The city emerges from the pages of *Communitas* not as a depersonalized amalgam of real estate values, traffic and utilities control, zoning legalities, etc., but as an arena of human drama: "a choreography of society in motion and in rest." Thus, the city becomes a background against which people loom large in their erratic, inventive search for organic and spiritual fulfillment—which is how Balzac saw Paris, Joyce saw Dublin, Dickens saw London. One realizes at once that, compared to human community as Goodman discusses it, "city planning" in modern society is a species of low-level gadgeteering. Lacking the utopian imagination Goodman brings to the subject, it creates no "city" and no "planning," but only bureaucratic tinkering within the disintegrating *status quo*.

'Those People Outside'

In the lethargy of postwar America, the utopian theorist inevitably finds his audience among the disaffiliated young. To be sure, the depth and complexity of Goodman's thought deserves an audience of greater maturity, but where is it to be found? In October, 1967, he was by some weird happenstance invited to address a conference of the National Security Industrial Association, representing the adult power structure of the warfare state and the rampant proliferation of technical prowess. Being responsible adults endowed lavishly with the power and treasure of the nation, the conferees *should* have taken Goodman's words to heart as serious matter for discussion, even though his proposal was that the association phase itelf out of existence as rapidly as possible.

Of course they *should* have. But of course they didn't, as Goodman well knew they wouldn't. He did not speak to them or for them. And when he reached his conclusion—"We believe . . . that [your] way of life itself is unnecessary, ugly and un-American; . . . we cannot condone your present operations; they should be wiped off the slate"—he was greeted by shouts of "Who are *we*?" His answer: "We are I and those people outside." And who were the "people outside" for whom the country's leading social theorist spoke? They were a contingent of college students whom Goodman had invited to picket the auditorium during his presentation. Again and again Goodman bemoans the fact, but his force as a public voice derives

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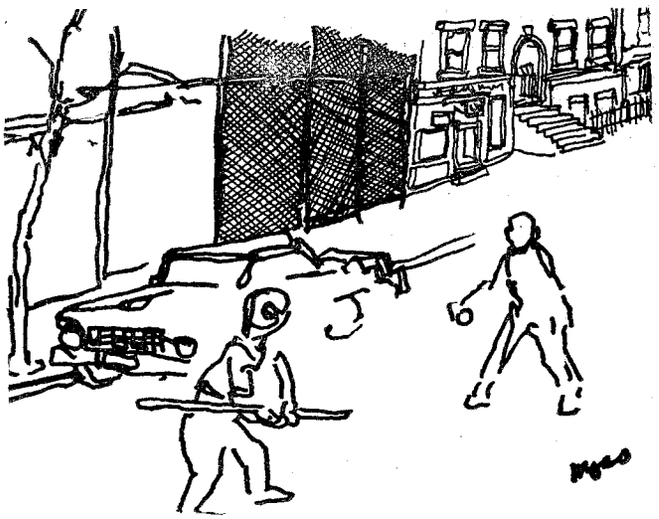
in the end from his "crazy young allies." Whenever he speaks, one feels sure there is a contingent of the young somewhere nearby, already inscribing his words on a banner.

But it is not utopianism alone that has made Goodman the foremost tribune of the youthful counter culture. "Mad Ireland," Auden said, speaking of Yeats, "hurt him into poetry." So mad America hurt the would-be poet Goodman into political activism. His criticism, like that of C. Wright Mills, is shot through with the imperative need to "*do* something" about the mess at hand. His utopianism functions as the hypothesis of a true pragmatism, the beginning of a real project. This urgent effort to marry action to idea has not only won him the allegiance of young radicals but has served also as a highly important discipline upon the anti-intellectuality toward which they weaken. Youthful restiveness with talk and thought—the desire to get on with the picketing and demonstrating—is a reaction against the academicism of many social critics who, despite their own spleen, have been content to settle for a good analysis and some verbal sniping.

Goodman, in contrast, has been the example of an intellectual in whom *both* precise, even scholarly, thought and action can reside. He has shown that the balance can be held gracefully. (Those who want to meet Goodman at his academic best should turn to his *Structure of Literature*; 1954.) In an essay of the early 1960s on "The Ineffectuality of Some Intelligent People," Goodman coined the phrase "a practical syllogism" to illustrate the intellectual paralysis of the time. "I need an X," the critic says. And his analysis leads him to the conclusion, "Here is an X." Then *take* it, Goodman urges, and *use* it. Is it a "general strike for peace" we need? During such a strike in 1961, Goodman was on the street outside Random House, picketing his own publisher. Is it a new form of university we need? Goodman ends his critique of higher education in *The Community of Scholars* with the call for a mass defection from the universities and the establishment of new dissenting academies—a "something" that can be done *now*. The defection has since taken place, spilling over into the many "free universities" that are springing up, and Goodman was on hand at one of the best of them, San Francisco State's "Experimental College," to offer a year of his time in residence. Most recently, he has been among those who, like Dr. Spock, have been willing to place their own fortunes and sacred honor behind the student draft resisters. The contribution he has made by such activity is inestimable, for if the respect for intellect is to be preserved among the disaffiliated young, the job must be done by those intellectuals who have demonstrated that thought is not sheerly "academic," but the concomitant of principled action.

Revolution as Psychology

There is still another reason why Goodman has caught on among the young. As I tried to show in preceding essays, the counter culture provides a limited market for the Old Left ideologies with their final appeal to the metaphysics of the class conflict and their primary commitment to institutional reorganization. I suggested that youthful



fascination with exotic religion and narcotics is a symptom of the quest for some new foundation that can support a program of radical social change. And so, sociology has yielded to psychology as the generative principle of revolution. Consciousness, not class, is now taken to be the root of social reality—hence the often absurd, but always intriguing exploration of mystical and psychedelic experience.

In 1951, well before he had made much of a mark as a social critic, Goodman contributed the lengthy theoretical section to *Gestalt Therapy* (co-written by Frederick Perls and Ralph Hefferline). It is probably among the least read of his writings, but it is surely one of his most important. For the ground of Goodman's style of thought lies as much in his work as a Gestalt therapist as in his novels. Gestalt psychiatry provides the skeletal structure of any "system" Goodman's thought possesses; it defines him clearly as "New Left" in his conception of human and social reality.

I claim no special authority on Gestalt, one of the more controversial schools of post-Freudian psychotherapy. Even Goodman loses much of his lucidity when writing on the subject—and he is by far the most accessible of the Gestaltists I have attempted. I can try, however, to draw out three major characteristics of the school which one finds echoed throughout Goodman's writing and which strike me as very much the kind of "first principles" toward which the counter culture is groping.

First, there is the mystical "wholism" which the therapy inherits from Gestalt theories of perception. For Gestaltists, perceptions are not piecemeal impressions printed by the "objective" world on the passive wax of the senses but patterned wholes that are created by a strange and beautiful collaboration between the perceiver and the perceived. Generalizing this rich insight to life as a whole, Gestalt therapists envision a purposive give and take between every organism and its environment which has the same inexplicable spontaneity and self-regulation as does the process of perception. Organism and environment are understood to be in a constant natural dialogue, an ongoing series of "creative adjustments" which make man at home in his body, his community, his natural habitat.

It is not the case, therefore, that the body need be *made*

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to function, that human beings need be *made* sociable, that nature need be *made* to support life. For the Gestaltist, individual and social neurosis sets in when the "organism/environment field" is split up by a psychic factionalism that isolates out from the ecological whole a unit of defensive consciousness that must be pitted against an "external" reality understood to be alien, intractable and in the end hostile.

The sign of this losing of faith in self-regulating processes is the construction of an alienated "self" which fearfully retreats from the "outside world" and progressively diminishes in size until it is felt as some manner of homunculus besieged within the skull, manipulating an unwieldy apparatus called its "body," feverishly devising strategies of defense and attack. At this point, instead of there being spontaneous adjustment—the "free interplay of the faculties"—a compulsive deliberateness sets out to control and conquer all that was originally merged in the unitary field: "others," "nature," "the body," "the passions," the "irrational." Health, which is properly a matter of letting the chips of life fall where they may, a trustful yielding to the needs and urges of body, community, nature, now becomes a matter of piecemeal cerebral organization—pills, dieting, authoritarian doctoring, etc. We come to wonder how life ever survived before there was a civilized brain to watch out for it.

Gestalt, then, finds the secret of health in the sub-intellective processes which, if left to their own ingenuity, take care of themselves. The peak moment of healthy functioning is the moment of "final contact" during which "the deliberateness, the sense of 'I,' spontaneously vanishes into the concern, and then boundaries are unimportant, for one contacts not a boundary but the touched, the known, the enjoyed, the made."

Making Politics Happen

Conversely, when the "wisdom of the body" and the self-regulation of symbiotic systems elude us, compulsive regimentation sets in, freezing up and paralyzing the organism, which then seems recalcitrant and stupid. (The major therapeutic technique of Gestalt, therefore, is an ingenious form of bodily exercise which aims at locating and thawing frozen organic energy.) It is easy enough to see how Gestalt's bad politics of the nervous system can be projected into the surrounding social system. Lose faith in the natural processes of body and emotion, and you quickly lose faith in human sociability. *Everything* must then be *made* to happen properly and supervised at every turning by "experts." The state becomes the domineering brain of the body politic, which is also taken to be recalcitrant and stupid. The resulting authoritarianism is, then, scarcely a problem that yields to a reshuffling of institutions or restructuring of social classes. That, most likely, leads only to a change of managerial personnel. The problem has a metaphysical origin, stemming from a misconception of nature and of man's role within it.

I think this Gestaltist conception of reality is true, but it is also fundamentally mysterious—by which I mean it is extremely difficult to find words that capture the elusiveness of the ideas. For one thing, when speaking of the Gestaltist "field," one's language must become transpersonal. Since it is the total ecological pattern, not the self, which the Gestaltists postulate as basic, one cannot speak of personal agencies which *do* this, or *cause* that. Rather one must imagine processes happening of their own accord, producing the numberless symbiotic patterns and balances called "nature," and among them that bio-socio-psychic pattern called human consciousness. Thus, Gestalt theory is, at last, a species of racism disguised rather cumbersomely as Western psychiatry. What is this "organism/environment field," after all, but Lao Tzu's *Way*? Goodman himself turns to the mystic tradition more than once to present a Gestalt idea. How do people lessen the pain of suffering? "By finally 'standing out of the way,' to quote the great formula of Tao. They disengage from their preconceptions of how it 'ought' to turn out. And into the 'fertile void,' thus formed, the solution comes flooding." Surely much of the charm which the young discover in Goodman's thinking derives from its subtle, underlying connection with the oriental mysticism that has engaged their enthusiasm in the postwar period.

Second, one of Goodman's most distinctive and refreshing traits as a social critic is his impish habit of arguing issues *ad hominem*. Unless you are on the receiving end of this tactic, it is an exciting new approach to public discussion. Here, for example, is Goodman commenting on John Kennedy's telltale predilection for words like "discipline," "sacrifice," "challenge."

> It is the . . . moral Catholicism of the little boy who disciplines himself from masturbating and checks off his victorious days on the calendar. Masturbating proves you are weak and makes you weak. In this context, "challenge" is the kind of strenuous excitement possible to persons who, having given up their internal spontaneity, rally to an external demand. . . . The sense of duty does not seem to be [Kennedy] himself, but his submissive—and evasive—obedience to some grownups; one who is not convinced of his moral courage.

That is the intellectual counterpart of hitting below the belt, but, in fact, it summarizes Kennedy more accurately than could any analysis of policy or program. In any case, it is the sort of style one must expect a psychotherapist to bring to bear on public argument.

The significance of this "contextual method of argument," as the Gestaltists call it, is that it short-circuits a deal of intellectual banter that may be totally beside the point and at once personalizes the debate. It is a mode of intellectuality which brings into play the nonintellective substructure of thought and action. Goodman explains the technique in this way:

> A merely "scientific" refutation by adducing contrary evidence is pointless, for [the opponent] does not *experience* that evidence with its proper weight. . . . Then the only useful method of argument is to bring into the picture the total context of the problem, including the conditions of experiencing it, the social milieu and the personal "defenses" of the observer. That is, to subject the opinion and his holding of it to a gestalt-analysis. . . . We are sensible that this is a development of the argument *ad hominem*, only much more offensive, for we not only call our opponent a rascal and therefore in error, but we also charitably assist him to mend his ways!

This is the principle underlying what one can easily

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mistake in much of Goodman's debate and writing for a callous kind of one-upmanship—which is what the technique does indeed degenerate into when inexpert hands take it over. It is easy to see how appealing such a style would be to a generation that had grown dubious about the reliability of speech, and had already attuned itself to "hearing" the character hidden behind the inarticulate grunts and shrugs of James Dean and Marlon Brando. It was also bound to strike home with the New Left students, given their wise suspicion of the ideology mongering that has always characterized radical politics and their soulful search for personal honesty.

Goodman's special awareness of the sub-verbal level of speech—the significance not only of *what* is said but of *how* it is said—contributes to that unadorned, offhand speaking style which has proved so attractive to student audiences. Where the usual academic posture is stilted, remote, defensively masked in a narrow expertise, Goodman comes on as a whole and vulnerable man. Such honesty usually puts to shame Goodman's professorial and official interlocutors by calling into question at once the protective formalities and role playing of public debate.

On the other hand, an inevitable (but, I find, off-putting) adjunct of this psychologizing approach is the need to lay bare the secrets of one's *own* heart in the name of candor. On Goodman's part, such psychic disarmament has produced a great deal of confessional outpouring (his journal *Five Years* is a particularly painful example) as it has on the part of most of the beat-hip writers. Being a public figure in the counter culture means reserving very little that is private. This can lead to a winsome kind of innocence, I suppose, but it is an embarrassment to be sucked into other people's soul searching: do they want you to respond with praise? shock? pity? love? or disgraceful confessions of your own? Or are you just a sounding board? Certainly this shameless letting down of the hair accounts for the vulnerability of beat-hip bohemianism to sensationalizing publicity. But then it may be that the most strategic bastion of traditional values the counter culture is attacking is precisely the bourgeois Christian pride in a well-developed guilty conscience.

What is Natural?

And finally, *three*, is the image of "human nature" that Gestalt offers when at last it must produce a therapeutic standard. Like every other monistic system Gestalt theory suffers from the lack of a satanic principle. Sooner or later, one must ask how the natural and healthful unity of the "organism/environment field" becomes undone. Which is to ask how nature can produce an "unnatural" state of affairs. One must give Goodman credit for having the uncommon courage to unfold the theory of his school ambitiously and honestly enough to show up its ultimate conundrum. Yet the terms "natural" and "unnatural," derived from the Gestalt system, are the key words in his critical vocabulary, and one cannot help wanting a clearer understanding of their import than he provides.

For example, Goodman's style of pacifism oscillates delicately between the poles "natural-unnatural." He approves of fist fights "because that's natural." On the other hand, "war is unnatural violence," because it does not "liberate natural associations and release social inventiveness, but on the contrary reinforces the coercive and authoritarian establishment." So too, the nonviolence of "doctrinal pacifists is unnatural and even somewhat wicked" because it is "a spiteful stalling to exacerbate guilt. Anger is at least contactful; and it seems false not to let anger follow through and strike."

But starting out, as Gestalt does, from a primal unity which is spontaneously self-regulating, "nature" must be universal, comprehending whatever turns up, disease as well as health, disintegration as well as creation, war as well as fist fights. Therefore, what can the terms "natural" and "unnatural" possibly mean?

When Goodman at last faces this central paradox in *Gestalt Therapy*, his response is startlingly blunt:

> "Human nature" is a potentiality. It can be known only as it has been actualized in achievement and history, and as it makes itself today.
>
> The question may quite seriously be asked, by what criterion does one prefer to regard "human nature" as what is actual in the spontaneity of children, in the works of heroes, the culture of classic eras, the community of simple folk, the feeling of lovers, the sharp awareness and miraculous skill of some people in emergencies? Neurosis is also a response of human nature and is now epidemic and normal, and perhaps has a viable social future.
>
> We cannot answer the question.

The evasion is strange, for the criterion is obvious enough. The behavior of children, heroes, lovers, "simple folk" and people in crisis is beautiful and ethically inspiring. It is, certainly for Goodman, the stuff of great art. The Gestalt criterion of health, like *every* criterion of health, is a moral-aesthetic one. Goodman the Gestalt therapist leads us back to Goodman the poet and novelist, searching for a notion of humanity around which he can weave the tensions of deep drama.

(Goodman's well-known "May Pamphlet" of 1945 contains a long discussion of what "natural" and "unnatural" mean, but adds no account of how primordial nature undoes and reverses itself so that some of its issue can legitimately be called "unnatural." The terms finally come down to being—as I argue here—Goodman's synonyms for "beautiful-ugly," "noble-base." If one objects that this lowers the terms to a nonscientific status, the reply, I think, should be that it actually *raises* them to a moral-aesthetic status. For after all, science is not everything, and in fact, is not very much at all when it comes to creating for oneself a creditable way of life.)

At the root of Goodman's thinking, then, is a mystical psychology whose conception of human nature sides aesthetically and ethically with the nonintellective spontaneity of children and primitives, artists and lovers, those who can lose themselves gracefully in the splendor of the moment. It is indeed one of the controversial glories of Gestalt that it has, against the entire psychiatric tradition since Freud's grim demand for conformity to a joyless conception of adulthood, asserted the nobility and healthiness of the child and the artist.

> *The childish feelings are important* (Goodman says and puts the observation in italics) *not as a past that must be undone, but as some of the most beautiful powers of adult life that must be recovered: spontaneity,*

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imagination, directness of awareness and manipulation. . . . Maturity, precisely among those who claim to be concerned with "free personality," is conceived in the interest of an unnecessarily tight adjustment to a dubiously valuable workaday society, regimented to pay its debts and duties.

Gestalt of Community

Thus, well before either the beats or the hippies had begun to sabotage the middle-class American "reality principle," Goodman the Gestalt therapist was laying the theoretical foundation of the great dropout.

If there is some one concept in which all of Goodman's thinking centers, it is the ideal of community. Doubtless he would have been a communitarian anarchist even if he had not become a Gestalt therapist. Much of his anarchist writing and personal involvement in communitarian experiments (like Black Mountain College) pre-dates his work as a psychotherapist. But here too Gestalt has made its contribution, for it is one of the few schools of psychiatry that has been prepared to set society at large into the therapeutic scales and to find the way of the world wanting, a mad attack upon human potentialities. Gestalt holds out for the inherent sociability of the whole human being, including his sexual and even his aggressive needs:

> When the aggressive drives are anti-social, it is that society is opposed to life and change (and love); then it will either be destroyed by life or it will involve life in a common ruin, make human life destroy society and itself.

For Goodman, the way out of this tragic impasse has been communitarian experiment, the effort to regain for man "the natural society" in which he can be freely sociable. So his two novels develop the adventures of small-scale bohemian communities in which people can be people, find love, fruitful strife and education. In the congested apathetic midst of imperial cities, Goodman turns his attention to such groping efforts to "make do" without the plenty and competitive business of contemporary life. He often observes that he is really more conservative than the most conservative, because he wants to turn the historical clock all the way back to the neolithic village. That has been the major mission of his utopian sociology: to decentralize and selectively scale down leviathan industrialism to the point that it can serve the ethos of a tribal village—including its sturdy agrarian virtues. (Saving the small farm and giving the urbanite an experience of the soil have long been two of Goodman's great campaigns.) That is pretty much what his major sociological treatises (*Communitas* and *People or Personnel*) are all about.

Goodman's communitarianism is his greatest and most directly appreciated contribution to contemporary youth culture. For the New Left, he has functioned as the foremost theoretician of "participative democracy," bringing again into lively discussion a tradition of anarchist thought that reaches back through Prince Kropotkin to Robert Owen. And in spirit, if not in scholarly reference, anarchist politics is the most hotly debated issue among the socially involved young—far more so than the Marxist tradition of socialism. Even the current infatuation of the New Left and black power with guerrilla warfare bears the anarchist imprint: war on a human scale with the chance for personal cunning, courage and decision.

So too, the shape that beat-hip bohemianism has taken owes much to Goodman's influence. The pseudo-Indian tribes that now camp in the cities, the psychedelic communities of the California hinterlands or the wilds of Colorado, the Diggers with their hazy ideas about free stores and cooperative farms—whatever their failings, these are all part of that utopian anarchist tradition which has always bravely refused to knuckle under to the proposition that life must be a compromise with Old Corruption.

The importance of this communitarian bent in the youth culture—especially at the bohemian fringe—is acknowledged to be great, but it is much misunderstood. How often has one heard old-line radicals condemn the bohemian young for the "irresponsibility" of their withdrawal into kooky communities of their own? They are advised to "grow up" and "be responsible"—by which is meant usually: give your energy to political action, help organize the slums or the agricultural laborers, plan political coalitions, register voters in Mississippi, join the Peace Corps, find a project, agitate, sit-in, come to the demonstration, subscribe to *Dissent, Commentary, New Politics.* Such activities are noble enough, but they are only episodic activities. Run them together as you will, they are not a way of life. And a way of life is what the young need to grow into, a style of maturity which may include political activity, but which *also* embraces the life needs: love, family, subsistence, companionship. Political action and organizing cannot even provide a full-time career for more than a handful of *apparatchiks,* let alone a pattern of life for an entire generation. What, then, do the disaffiliated young have to grow toward? What ideal of adulthood has the world to offer them that will take the place of the middle-class debauch they instinctively reject?

An intelligent compromise, perhaps—which is what most of the old radicals have settled for. A teaching position, a civil service job, work on a journal or a newspaper —something from 9 to 5 that brings in an income for home and family and leaves time for politicking outside. The trouble is that many of the young are too alienated even for the intelligent compromise, with its inevitable disciplines, its pinch of incense for the bourgeois conformities. How can the counter culture that began with Ginsberg's *Howl* finally comb its hair, set its alarm clock, and save its dissent for after hours?

And yet, if you are 25 and have exhausted the dilatory possibilities of college and parental support, you do want to "grow up" and "be responsible." That means you must put your hand to the political things that demand attention. But you have to "make do"—and SDS offers no long-term livelihood, nor does SNCC, nor CORE. And damned if you'll make that intelligent compromise! So how *do* you grow up?

The answer is that you make up a community of those you love and respect, where there can be enduring friendships, children and, by mutual aid, three meals a day scraped together by honorable and enjoyable labor. Nobody knows quite how it is to be done. There aren't any reliable models. The old radicals are no help, they talked about socializing whole economies, or launching third

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parties, or strengthening the unions, but not about building communities. (Except for Goodman, that is.) It will take a lot of experiment, using whatever examples come to hand: the life-way of Indian tribes, utopian precedents, the 17th-century Diggers, the French communities of work, the Israeli kibbutzim, the Hutterites. Maybe none of them will work, but where else is there to turn?

Among all the urgent tasks that need to be done in the next twenty minutes, there is one that needs doing for the next decade and the one after that: it is that the young, who have greater expectations of life than their elders and who are more intolerably sensitive to corruptions, should find an enduring mode of life that will guard those expectations and sensitivities. If the counter culture is to have a future that saves the best that is in it, these frenzied and often pathetic experiments in community will have to succeed. And who besides Goodman is offering such help in that direction?

From *Making Do,* the man considering the unhappy boy he loves:

> For him—and not only for him—there was in our society No Exit. When he had asked his germane question, and fifteen experts on the dais did not know an answer for him. But with ingenuity he had hit on a painfully American answer, *Do It Yourself.* If there is no community for you, young man, young man, make it yourself.

SCIENCE FOR THE PENTAGON

THE SECRET THINKERS

MICHAEL T. KLARE
Mr. Klare, a staff member of the North American Congress on Latin America, edited the January special issue of Viet-Report, *"The University at War."*

While many American scientists, either as individuals or as members of organizations, are conspicuous protesters against the war in Vietnam, others are still knit intricately and deeply into the machinery of the military. The military-academic complex is still very much in being.

On February 12, an anonymous phone call to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee touched off nationwide rumors that the United States was preparing to use tactical nuclear weapons in Vietnam. The call was received by Carl Marcy, staff director of the committee, who later told the press that the caller suggested the committee should find out why Dr. Richard L. Garwin of Columbia University had been sent to Vietnam. Garwin was described in the call as "a tactical nuclear weapons expert."

The following day, public information officers at the Pentagon explained that Garwin and two associates had been sent to Southeast Asia to appraise "the effectiveness of new weapons," but that "the new weapons have no relationship to atomic or nuclear systems of any kind."

When the rumors had died down somewhat, the Pentagon indicated that Garwin had never reached Vietnam, the heavy fighting there having compelled him to visit Thailand instead. It was further revealed that Garwin was accompanied on the trip by Prof. Henry W. Kendall of M.I.T. and Dr. Julius P. Molnar of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Kendall, like Garwin, is a theoretical physicist. As executive vice president of Bell Labs, Molnar has had considerable experience administering defense research projects, and has done work on nuclear warfare.

A colleague at Columbia, professor of physics Leon M. Lederman, told the campus newspaper that the Pentagon had sent Dr. Garwin to Asia to study the feasibility of installing "some electric gadgets" which could serve as "technical aids toward de-escalation."

The evidence now available would indicate that the trip was connected with the Pentagon's attempt to build an "anti-infiltration barrier" between North and South Vietnam. From various sources, it is known that scientists working on the barrier project describe it as a "de-escalation device" that would help bring about a negotiated settlement. The utility of such a barrier was questioned last month when Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard University withdrew from the project. Kistiakowsky, a Russian-born chemist who worked on the World War II atomic bomb project, had been a scientific adviser to the Defense Department for more than a decade. Until his resignation, he had been an active member of the secret Pentagon committee that was working on the barrier. In a letter to John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research and Engineering, Kistiakowsky is reported to have indicated that he first joined the barrier project because he hoped it would contribute to a de-escalation of the war, but that he had now become disillusioned concerning the Administration's intention to settle the war by negotiation.

Kistiakowsky and Garwin are both members of an elite group of scientists known as the Jason Division of the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA), a defense-oriented "think-tank" which does classified research for government agencies. Jason consists of forty outstanding university scientists "who devote as much of their available time as possible to studies in the vanguard of the scientific aspects of defense problems," according to IDA literature.

Unlike the RAND Corporation, its best-known rival, IDA has no military patron, but is sponsored by a consortium of twelve leading universities, including M.I.T., Stanford, Columbia and the Universities of Michigan, California and Chicago.

Jason scholars meet each summer for a six-week defense "summer camp" at which they conduct research on special projects of interest to the Pentagon. In past summers, Jason members have worked on "knotty aspects of ballistic missile defense and exoatmospheric detonations," according to IDA's 1967 Annual Report. Recently, however, the Jason Division has been directed by the Pentagon to seek

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military solutions to the increasingly futile war in Vietnam. As a result, Jason scientists prepared papers on nighttime bombing missions and on other technical subjects.

In 1966, four Jason scholars prepared a secret report on the possible use of tactical nuclear weapons in Southeast Asia. This study, published in March, 1967, as IDA Report number HQ-66-5220, was conducted by Robert Gomer and S. Courtenay Wright of the University of Chicago, Freeman Dyson of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and Steven Weinberg of Harvard. It is possible that Professor Garwin was consulted on this project, thus leading to the February phone call.

According to IDA literature, the Jason Division's 1967 summer session, held in the Falmouth, Mass., intermediate school, was to have concentrated on scientific aspects of counterinsurgency, infiltration and guerrilla warfare. The meeting was so secret that the school's janitor had to receive a high security clearance in order to clean the building. It is entirely likely that details for the anti-infiltration barrier were worked out at this convocation.

Although its members often engage in individual projects, the main function of Jason is to coordinate university research on advanced weapons systems. Jason scholars work closely with the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), the Defense Department agency which sponsors most U.S. scientific research on advanced weapons. The deputy director of ARPA, Peter Franken, is a former Jason consultant.

Under its world-wide counterinsurgency program, "Project AGILE," ARPA maintains elaborate scientific facilities in Bangkok, Thailand, for research on "counter-guerrilla surveillance systems" and other exotic devices. The facility, known officially as the Joint Thai-U.S. Military Research and Development Center, is staffed by scientists from Stanford, Michigan and Cornell universities, and from the RAND Corporation. Many scientists connected with the center, including Richard Holbrook, its director, are former IDA members or consultants.

Work at the Bangkok center includes a project on infrared surveillance systems, originally developed at the University of Michigan. By using infrared detectors, ARPA officials hope to spot enemy guerrillas from the air, even through thick jungle cover, or at night. Another ARPA team, composed of scientists from the Stanford Research Institute, is seeking to develop portable radar and seismic equipment for use in locating insurgents on the ground. The proposed anti-infiltration barrier will undoubtedly make use of these devices. Presumably, Garwin and his associates spent their Asian visit conferring with researchers at the Bangkok facility.

The "electronic fence" between North and South Vietnam, proposed last fall by former Defense Secretary McNamara, will not be a physical barrier as such but rather a combination of detection equipment which could alert U.S. forces to the passage of enemy infiltrators. Making use of seismic or infrared "triggers," the barrier could also set off land mines or other explosive devices.

Ultimately, the "fence" becomes practicable only if North Vietnam agrees to a "Korean-type" solution to the war, the present objective of U.S. strategy. Such a scheme would compel the North Vietnamese to stay on "their" side of the fence, or risk continued U.S. bombing. In the South, meanwhile, the National Liberation Front would collapse when aid from the North was cut off, and a by then reduced U.S. force could slowly hunt down and destroy the insurgents. For the scientists working on the barrier—most of whom were trained in the arts of war gaming and deterrent strategies—such a scheme would seem eminently feasible.

But these attempts on the part of academic scientists to "rationalize" the Vietnamese War are doomed. Neither Lyndon B. Johnson nor Ho Chi Minh, nor the warring parties in the South, can be expected to carry out the roles assigned them in a computer simulation. The Hanoi government has made clear that it will not abandon the insurgents in the South as the price for an end to the bombing, and the recent Tet offensive has demonstrated that the National Liberation Front has extensive military capabilities of its own.

With the intensification of the war, and its expansion to Laos, it is doubtful that the planned anti-infiltration barrier, when completed, will be of any significant value to the U.S. command. The war, which has thus far defied all previous attempts at a purely military or technological solution, will probably survive this attempt as well.

DEATH CHEATERS

NOT GONE BUT FROZEN

HOWARD JUNKER
Mr. Junker, a frequent Nation *contributor, is an associate editor of* Newsweek.

Ed Hope, 47, is a brusque, stocky Phoenix wig maker who is involved in a finance corporation, a welding shop, and in freezing human bodies after they are "clinically dead." Hope's Cryocare Equipment Corp. has thus far built eight cryocapsules. "Remember," goes an ad in the February *Cryonics Reports*, "if you *do not* make arrangements for *your* cryonic suspension *you* will be buried or cremated when you are dead.") The latest, stainless steel cryocapsules sell for $4,865, with a monthly maintenance charge—for liquid nitrogen and supervision—of $50. At least four bodies have already been frozen, and the prophet of the cryonics movement, Robert C. W. Ettinger, 49, author of *The Prospect of Immortality* and a physics teacher at a Michigan community college, claims to have heard of, but not verified, the freezing of half a dozen more.

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James H. Bedford, a 73-year-old retired psychology professor, was the first to be frozen—in Los Angeles, on January 12, 1967. Dr. Bedford died of cancer. He had hoped that one day a cure for his disease would be found and that he could be thawed, cured and thus restored to life. A paperback published this month tells of his freezing (*We Froze the First Man*, by Robert F. Nelson as told to Sandra Stanley). Another body now frozen is that of a 74-year-old Santa Barbara woman, Marie Phelps Sweet, who died of a heart attack last August. Her remains are stored in a Los Angeles mortuary. Dr. Bedford's body is at Cryocare in Phoenix, as are those of a Detroit man frozen some four months ago and a Los Angeles woman frozen at the end of February. Another Los Angeles woman, now dying of lung cancer, has declared her desire to be frozen. The Cryonics Society of California, says Pres. Robert F. Nelson, 31, "is on a twenty-four-hour alert. But she's still holding on." "It's a fact," boasted Ed Hope while attending the First Annual Cryonics Conference held recently at the New York Academy of Sciences, "business is picking up."

It is unlikely that reanimation of an entire body will ever be possible after freezing. Cells, which are mostly water, tend to rupture during the freezing-thawing process. Yet "freeze banks" already store human red blood cells, bone marrow cells, corneas and skin. The storage of complete organs is still impossible, although researchers have had some success in regaining partial function in cats' brains and various animal kidneys. Death is, by definition, irreversible, but every day the line separating life from death is blurred by the advances of medical science and biological research.

"Traditional interment simply guarantees oblivion," is the way Ettinger puts it. "Freezing at least offers a non-zero possibility of revival." And there are people who do want to take whatever chances there are, now. A Pennsylvania couple has sent Ed Hope tissue samples from their son who drowned last year. The parents anticipate that some day it will be possible to "regenerate" their boy, in much the same way, says Hope, "that a whole carrot can now be grown from a little piece of carrot."

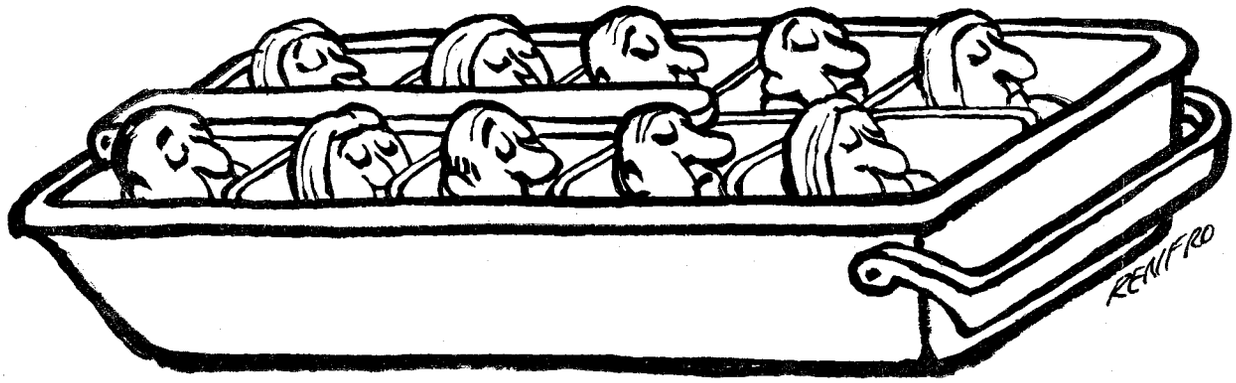
For all its dim future, there is no doubt that freezing provides a more "cosmetic" kind of interment than mere embalmment. Robert Nelson declares that Marie Sweet, frozen last August, "looks absolutely the same now as she did then." Nelson has a weekly opportunity to observe her body because it is not in a cryocapsule. It has been wrapped in tin foil, leaving the face exposed, placed in a casket and covered with dry ice. Once a week Nelson must help replenish the supply of dry ice.

Miss Sweet (she was married but retained her maiden name) was a pioneer member of the Life Extension Society, of the Cryonics Society of California and of about forty other messianic organizations, but when she died there was not enough money to buy a cryocapsule. In a 1964 letter to Ettinger she had written: "For the first time in my entire career, I yearn to be wealthy and free to endow an essential work . . . I want to *see it happen*—with all possible speed! Yet here I sit, more or less helpless to speed things up." Early last year she and her husband took out two $25 and one $10 memberships in the California Society, "to help out in attempts to keep the office going." Miss Sweet had also taken out a $3,000 life insurance policy, payable to the Life Extension Society, but the recommended policy to cover freezing and maintenance is $10,000. Ed Hope insists that he cannot afford to offer capsules "as a charity. You've got to keep the whole thing in ratio."

In April of last year, Miss Sweet's husband, Russ Le Croix Van Norden, suffered a heart attack, and preparations for his freezing were made. But after six weeks in the hospital, Van Norden recovered. "I struggled so hard to make sure everything was worked out," he said while sitting in the corridor during the recent New York conference, "that I pulled through." Van Norden, 75, looks like a slim, gentle Konrad Adenauer. A master craftsman, his hands are worn from years of working in wood, silver and wrought iron. His flannel shirt is frayed, his suit is baggy. He refers to his wife as "an arrested entity whom I hope to recover, although I don't know when."

Van Norden bitterly misses his wife and is especially saddened because she died prematurely. "Why did she have to go then?" he asks. "These things aren't ready. They're still so crude." He began to weep in telling of a letter he would have to write, soon, explaining his wife's condition to a young Indian boy whom they had befriended while teaching painting as VISTA volunteers on an Oregon reservation. "When we left," Van Norden recalls, "there were 187 pictures in that school." President Johnson sent a citation, but the Van Nordens were not reimbursed for the $300 they had spent on oils and brushes for the children.

Because the Van Nordens were late in registering for social security—"my wife thought she would never get



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old"—reduced payments come in now. And Van Norden's small income as a craftsman is hardly enough to support himself, much less pay for his wife's maintenance. Lately, he has been waking up in the mornings with full-scale, dreamlike stories in his mind. He speaks them into a tape recorder, and while in New York, for the first time, he unsuccessfully tried to find an agent.

Ettinger appealed for funds for Miss Sweet last year. He admitted that the "circumstances of clinical death were unfavorable," since it had taken three days to make arrangements for the freezing. "In any case," Ettinger continued, "our public image, in my opinion, depends overwhelmingly on one factor only—are we or are we not freezing people? Everything else fades into a vague blur of tiresome argument; in the long run, I am convinced, the only thing that will matter is whether we are acting."

The Cryonics Society of Michigan, of which Ettinger is president, now has a van equipped and ready to go wherever, whenever the "clinical death" of a society member occurs. The New York and California societies hope to have vans by the end of the year. The California society has no telephone listed at present. The New York society is talking about establishing a foundation for cryonic research.

As for Van Norden, at 75 he is ready to be frozen when the time comes. But he would like to persist. He is trying to slow down, to rest his heart. "We have reasons for living into the 21st century," he says. "By then, war would be eliminated. The economy would be adjusted, wealth would be equitably distributed. And the dignity of man would be restored." Then Van Norden pauses, glances at his young listener, for whom the matter is slightly academic. And he says: "I'm still here, but now Marie is frozen."

HARRY GOLDEN

TOO often we have heard that the law cannot do it. No less an American presence than Dwight D. Eisenhower once told a press conference, "Laws cannot change the hearts of men."

Thomas Hobbes held that man's life is mean, nasty, brutish and short. He might have added that very little changes the hearts of men. Law certainly doesn't do so, but it does change practices.

Had you asked a Welsh miner or a New Hebrides sheepherder in 1832, "Do you want Catholics to vote?" his heart would have leaped in rage and fear. But the English Parliament enfranchised Catholics and the hearts of the Welshman and the New Hebridian resumed their steady pulse.

In North and South Carolina today Negroes work at "white men's jobs" in the textile mills. This did not come about by heart softening. It was caused by the Equal Opportunity Directive issued by President John F. Kennedy in 1963. Discrimination thereafter meant loss of government contracts. The plant superintendent called in the foremen and announced, "We are hiring three Negroes for the carding room tomorrow."

"The hell you are!" they said. "What about the toilets? What about the lunch room? What about the water fountains?"

"If we don't hire the three Negroes, we don't get a contract to provide 400,000 dozen pairs of socks for the Pentagon."

"Bring them in," said the suddenly warm-hearted workers.

Some years ago, Senator Eastland warned the then Attorney General Robert Kennedy, "We don't care what the Supreme Court rules. Their decision is the law of the case, not the law of the land. You want Negroes to vote? Sue us for every Negro, every voting registrar in the South."

After talking it over with Burke Marshall, head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, and John Doar, Robert Kennedy wrote a memo on a yellow pad which read, "Get the road maps and go."

Justice Department officers and FBI men walked down dusty roads in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, stopping at tar-paper shacks, asking Negroes, "Did you try to register? What happened?"

They won their suits. Judge Minor Wisdom in ruling for the government in one of these suits said, "The wall of segregation must come down." They didn't need a thoracic specialist to change hearts, they needed only the law.

The victory is not complete, but Negroes vote in unprecedented numbers today. They did it all at once. There was nothing wrong with "gradualism"—it was a brilliant concept—except there was no such animal. Riots don't occur gradually—they explode all at once. If we are to put the cap on them, we can't do it gradually. Perhaps we shall have to rely on the law rather than on our charity or good will. And by law I mean not punitive legislation like anti-riot laws and more police or vigilantes. This will not work; it has never worked in the whole history of mankind. It must be progressive legislation, like open housing and legislation to open up jobs and education.

I do know that since the civil rights movement began in the early 1950s there hasn't been a single solitary voluntary act on the part of any Southern state. Whatever progress has been made was made through the pressure of the law.

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CAUCUS FOR REALITY

The Asian Experts Discover Vietnam

MARILYN BLATT YOUNG
Mrs. Young is a student of Sino-American relations and author of a forthcoming book on American China policy at the turn of the century.

Philadelphia

In this strange political spring of 1968 anything can happen. Year after year, the Association for Asian Studies has been meeting at appointed cities around the United States and conducting its affairs as if no war were taking place in Vietnam. The only visible effect on the Association has been the inclusion of one or two panels dealing with Vietnamese history, and these seemed designed to skirt around the explosive topic of the war, though the subject often came up in the discussion period. Asian scholars have, of course, spoken out on the war in many voices, pitting their "expertise" against one another. But no one attempted to take advantage of the annual massed gathering of scholars for the double purpose of speaking out on the war and broadly re-examining the position of the profession itself.

This year it happened. Organized initially by a group of young graduate students at Harvard whose concern over the war and possible fate at the hands of their draft boards enlisted the support of their professors, a Vietnamese caucus was held on the second day of the conference, March 23. The meeting was completely dissociated from the Association itself, whose apolitical character was strictly respected. However, all those attending the caucus were registered members at the Philadelphia conference, a minimal guarantee of their legitimacy as "specialists."

Prior to the conference, the organizing committee solicited resolutions on the war from sixty institutions. In addition, the caucus was extremely well advertised at the conference itself and additional resolutions were earnestly sought, particularly from those who might be expected to have a pro-Administration position. For, somewhat to the consternation of the organizers, only one of the ten resolutions submitted to the committee saw any virtue whatever in the American position and even it, like the "Freedom House statement" asked for military de-escalation.

About 600 to 650 people showed up at the caucus meeting and, predictably, a few pro-Administration paranoiacs in the audience denounced the entire effort as a left-wing conspiracy. The first order of business was the distribution of a carefully worked out poll on the war which asked questions in four general categories: the purpose of the war, military strategy, negotiations and "general questions." The results were startling. Of the 350 to 375 people answering the poll, 91 per cent thought the Administration had not presented "an acceptable explanation that justifies its policies in Vietnam"; 81 per cent agreed that the United States had "already lost the war in terms of stated American objectives"; 50 per cent urged "immediate U.S. withdrawal" while 68 per cent supported "gradual and unilateral U.S. troop withdrawal under the umbrella of negotiations." Ninety-three per cent rejected the notion that a negotiated settlement leading to a Communist government in the South was "so inimical to our national interests that we should continue the war"; 86 per cent asked that the United States state its explicit willingness to negotiate directly with the NLF. An overwhelming majority feared that escalation increased the chances of war with China, 85 per cent felt that de-escalation required a change in administration and 83 per cent supported those individuals "who decide to refuse cooperation with the Selective Service System because they consider the war in Vietnam unjust and immoral."

In the voting on resolutions the feeling against the war was equally manifest. More than 70 per cent of those voting supported the two "moderate" resolutions which condemned escalation and the "policies which have led to such devastation in Vietnam" and urged that the government take "positive and unmistakable steps . . . to open negotiations . . . . We further urge that it henceforth refrain generally from military intervention in revolutionary situations elsewhere." Only 18 per cent saw any merit in the resolution which urged that the Administration stress "our non-military effort to assist what has been called nation-building" in South Vietnam. The strongest of the four resolutions received 61 per cent of the vote. It called for a unilateral withdrawal "under the umbrella of negotiations," repudiation of the Administration which "has brought us to the brink of national disaster," and support for those who refuse induction on moral grounds. A preferential vote designed to determine which resolution most closely approximated the views of those voting resulted in a total of 47 per cent for the moderate resolution, 14 per cent for the least aggressive one and 39 per cent for the strongest.

Perhaps the most important overall result of the meeting was the decision to establish an inter-university student-faculty Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, to carry on the discussion only barely begun during the caucus meeting. It was hoped that the dissatisfaction of many graduate students with their often silent professors would be dispelled. At the very least the profession may begin to experience the disturbing and exhilarating effects of its own, small, cultural revolution.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Who Won the Cold War?

AMERICA, RUSSIA AND THE COLD WAR, 1945-1966. *By Walter LaFeber. John Wiley & Sons. 295 pp. $6.50. Paper $2.95.*

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE COLD WAR. *By Paul Seabury. Basic Books. 171 pp. $4.95.*

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming's new work, The Origins and Consequences of World War I, *will be published next fall by Doubleday. He is also the author of a 2-volume study,* The Cold War And Its Origins, 1917-1960 (*Doubleday*), The United States And The World Court (*Russell and Russell*).

Paul Seabury, Provost of College IV of the University of California at Santa Cruz wrote *The Rise and Decline of the Cold War,* under the auspices of the Harvard Center for International Affairs. He fixes the beginning of the cold war in 1946 or 1947, "more precisely" at the Truman Doctrine message of March, 1947, but not "as an American declaration of ideological hostilities." The year 1947 was the "point of time when all the analytical features of this conflict suddenly were fused together."

Seabury finds that in Europe Soviet control of East and Central Europe after the war tended to be regarded as a new barbarian invasion; in the United States as a Free World vs. totalitarian-slave confrontation and as a balance of power struggle. These three concepts are discussed in separate chapters.

Placing the starting point of the cold war in 1946 or 1947 inevitably leaves the book without an explanation of the Russians being in the center of Europe in 1945. "A more determined stance of Western diplomacy during the war—especially after Hitler's attack on Russia in 1941—might have served notice to the Russian leadership to act more prudently." "All the main Continental powers except Russia were in rubble. . . ." "Indeed a case *could* be made (italics added) for the fact of . . . prudent—if strategically mistaken—strategic investment in East European territory as a buffer . . . a classical Russian habit. . . ."

These assumptions are belied by the compulsive facts that at Munich in 1938 the West opened wide Germany's path to the Soviet Union; that it fought a peripheral war for two years after June, 1941, during which Russia suffered devastation second to none; and relied on Russia to drive the main German armies (back to Berlin) until the end of the war.

Thereafter not even the threat of the atomic bomb or the offer of Marshall Plan aid could restore Western, capitalist control over East Europe. Behind the searing memories of World War II, also, lay the great Western invasions of Russia through this area in both World War I and the interventions of 1918 to 1920. On the other hand, it was natural for powerful forces of several kinds in the West to resent the main result of the war and to try to reverse it, but it could not be done.

These are the very harsh facts out of which the cold war grew. And what grew out of it? In an excellent chapter on containment, Seabury finds the ledgers of containment hard to read. Kennan's promise was ambivalent. It spoke of "two hypothetical yet mutually exclusive outcomes: either the 'break-up' or the 'mellowing' of Soviet power." For this and other reasons it was attacked from many quarters. Did it mean "either a belief in 'inexorable forces' or simply a heroic Micawberism"? In either case, it was more benign than the Communist strategy of liberation through class struggle and guerrilla wars. And, he believes, containment had "demonstrable success."

Yet questions remain. In his address on June 10, 1963, President Kennedy had recognized that "the two strongest powers are the two in the most danger of devastation," and "If we cannot now end our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity." In 1951, Sen. Robert Taft had found extensive overseas commitments a symptom of incipient national decline, and he found the costs of establishing liberty throughout the world prohibitive and the effort self-defeating. At that time Arnold Toynbee still thought of a beneficent American "global imperium," but by 1961 he was saying: "America is today the leader of a world-wide anti-revolutionary movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for . . . inequality, injustice, and for the least happiness of the greatest number."

In his last chapter on Vietnam Seabury accepts our official version that we are defending "the commitment to support freedom," "against aggression," and "against the willful violence of an armed minority." The real problem is China. The very heterogeneous "societies and nations now imperiled by, or aligned against, Chinese expansionism and extremism" are too weak to defend themselves and all are menaced by "the state-as-fanatical movement." Therefore we must persevere, with unfanatical firmness, in patient application of limited counter force.

No evidence is cited of China's intention to overwhelm her small neighbors and there is no suggestion that in Vietnam a very brave people has been fighting for its independence for hundreds of years, first against the Chinese, then against the French and finally against us for some thirteen years. Yet in the book's last sentence a doubt does remain: "But the problem of American power as sole hegemonial guarantor of Asian peace remains unsolved."

It should be added that for the first time in our history this Asian doubt, admittedly the child of the Truman Doctrine, clearly threatens our entire future as a nation, from internal division and disruption, and from external defeat and isolation.

Walter LaFeber's *America, Russia and the Cold War, 1945-1966,* is a volume in the excellent series of books on American diplomatic history edited by Robert A. Divine and published by Wiley. LaFeber is professor of history at Cornell University.

His book is one of the best studies of the cold war. It is based on a 15-page topical bibliography, which not only lists hundreds of books but gives an indication of the contents of most of them. He has also used extensively the Baruch, Clayton, Dulles and Truman collections of papers. For many students the bibliography would be worth the price of the book.

It centers first on the period 1944 to 1946, portraying Washington's determination to use its "gigantic economic power" to promote throughout the world the Open-Door policy, which we had defended in China so long, to create room for our great industrial complex and prevent both future depressions and wars. This American view of the world was perforce accepted by Britain and France, but at the iron curtain it encountered "the terrible problem of how to open the Soviet empire without alienating the Soviets."

The author gives the details of Russia's frightful devastation and its great weakness, explains its urgent need to drain its European conquests, and records Stalin's refusal "to loosen his control of Eastern Europe (and) allow American

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political and economic power to flow into the area." This was unthinkable to Moscow also because of the driving compulsion of security considerations. "The Soviet peoples and leaders alike viewed almost everything in their lives through the memories of the horrors that struck from 1941 to 1945." The Germans would recover quickly, said Stalin: "Give them twelve to fifteen years. . . ."

Unavoidably the Soviet and American objectives collided in East Europe. Throughout the summer and autumn of 1945, the United States tried to weaken Soviet control of Poland "by using relief materials and equipment badly needed by the Poles to force Poland to accept, as the State Department said, 'a policy of equal opportunity for us in trade, investments and access to sources of information' "; and the failure of the attempt "left an enduring mark on post war American policy." Then atomic diplomacy was tried in East Europe, with no better results.

LaFeber places the declarations of the cold war in early 1946. First came Stalin's speech on February 9, which opened with the Marxist explanation of world wars, monopoly capitalism fighting for markets and raw materials, though he did distinguish sharply between the two World Wars. Then he credited Russia's victory in World War II to the Communist Party, which had built the heavy industries first (a claim hard to deny); laid down goals for the future, including more consumers' goods; and called for three or more Five-Year Plans to organize "a new mighty upsurge of national economy."

LaFeber says this speech made a profound impression in Washington. It was even called the declaration of World War III. But why should it have been so regarded? It was an election speech, necessarily geared to the home audience. It celebrated Russia's victory accurately enough, and it was "spoken in a conversational tone and without bombast," wrote Brooks Atkinson to *The New York Times*.

Churchill's iron curtain speech at Fulton on March 5, 1946, proposing "that the Anglo-Americans, outside the United Nations and with the support of atomic weaponry . . . create 'a unity in Europe from which no nation in Europe should be permanently outcast,' " was regarded by Stalin as a threat to his control of East Europe, "a set-up for war, a call for war on the Soviet Union." From that time the Soviet hold on East Europe tightened constantly. The iron curtain was firmly bolted down.

Then a landslide Republican victory in the Congressional elections of 1946 made it seem necessary to "scare hell out of the country" in the Truman Doctrine address, in order to take over Britain's imperial responsibilities in Greece. George Kennan "objected bitterly" to sending military aid to countries on the borders of Russia and broke with Acheson over the issue, before "the terrible price" of Truman's anti-Communist rhetoric at home led to the screening of all federal employees, as "Truman stood paralyzed" while the ground was "carefully ploughed around him for the weeds of McCarthyism."

Our decision to revive Germany quickly and to make sure that Italy and France did not go Communist led on rapidly to the Marshall Plan, which was inevitably rejected by Russia for East Europe as a form of Western take-over, and the rival Molotov plan, involving a large return flow of economic strength from Russia, was hammered out in July, 1947. In late September, at a Cominform meeting Zhdanov announced "the rebirth of the 'two-camp' view of the world." Somewhat strangely, from my view, the author regards this speech as one "that ranks next only to Stalin's February 9, 1946, address as a call to Cold War."

Yet Zhdanov's urging for liberationist activity in the whole underdeveloped world, and Cominform orders for strikes and disruptive activity in Italy and France, certainly stepped up the cold war, while we arranged new alignments for the Western world in the Rio Pact and NATO.

In the interacting dynamism of the cold war, chronology is of crucial importance, since an action on a later date could not have led to an earlier one. A lack of strict attention to chronology falsifies many accounts of the cold war, but not in this book. LaFeber's chronology is very conscientious.

He tells the story of the cold war down through 1966 responsibly and accurately. He follows its disastrous extension into Vietnam, where in early 1965 the American-Vietnamese effort was at "the point of total collapse" when the Pleiku raid of February 7 touched off our already prepared bombing of North Vietnam.

A significant new thread in the book is the role of theologian Reinhold Niebuhr in the cold war. As "perhaps the most formative contemporary influence on American liberalism," his "remarkable series of books and lectures" about man's sinful nature and the "egoistic corruption in all human virtue" gave standing to his explanation of the cold war, that "Communism was at once the worst and most aggressive of societies." The ideological assumptions which he so systematically formulated led even Kennan to term him "the father of us all."

By September, 1948, Niebuhr was declaring in *Life* that "for peace we must risk war." "We will have to stand at every point in our far-flung lines." Anyway, the Soviets were weaker and would not fight. "These views underlay the foreign policy planks of both parties."

However, by 1952 Niebuhr was moderating. He was acknowledging that the rearming of Germany was "too precipitate and too indifferent" to European feelings. He wondered if we could solve our problem simply "by the expansion of our economy." He feared extending the cold war to Asia and abhorred "the budding American imperium." We had lost ground among the neutrals who had become "virtual allies of Communism."

Twenty years into the cold war era, says LaFeber on his last page, "the unchecked and concentrated power (at home) which Niebuhr had so feared was becoming real, and was, to an important extent, the ironic result of the justifications which he and others had provided for American foreign policy in the 1940's and 1960's." In early 1967, "Niebuhr condemned the American involvement in Vietnam in the strongest terms."

Evidently it was much easier to help start a great world power struggle than to stop it or to deal with its consequences.

LaFeber's excellent narrative makes it quite clear that the United States lost the cold war in its main theatre and is now deeply mired in its Asiatic extension. Unable to accept the main result of

THE ARCHAIC

If something is archaic
all edges have been rounded
presumably by the sea
and yet total obliteration
must not have become
wholly accomplished, or set in—
like a wind over mountains.
Some trace of the old life
must be left,
some evidence that this white stone
was once a lion's leg
or the base of an intricate temple.
If that life does not lead
us back in some vain
effort, retracking our own steps
as we go toward
the mountain
then this something we have found
in its desolation is not truly
archaic. To be archaic
is to exist
in a state of transition
between a silent life
and a whispering death: even our own
bodies when we stop and
listen closely seem to be giving off
some aura of the genuinely
archaic

DAVID RAY

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World War II. Soviet and Communist control of East Europe, we sought by varied pressures to recover this area as part of our economic living space. The attempt failed. Soviet nerves held, but we did solidify West Europe for our way of life.

Then in Vietnam our cold war against China, and for control of Southeast Asia, aroused the moral repugnance of the great majority of the peoples of the world. They concluded that we placed power and profit above the right of the Vietnamese people to independence and even to existence. Our shocking conduct in Vietnam sucked a revolving half million of our youth into its jungles; throttled down the Great Society that might have stopped the deadly decay in our ghetto cities, and among our rural poor; divided our people and reduced a great portion of them—especially the youth—to despair about the validity of our political system, after the great majority of us had voted for President Johnson in 1964 as the nonescalator in Asia.

In early 1968 even West Europe is turning its back on us, looking eastward; our finances are fragile, after decades of cold war deficits in our international balances; our internal problems are truly desperate, and there is no future for the American people until our leaders quit trying to control the world, and make the American dream valid once more, here at home.

There is no other way in which we can assure our continuity as a nation—really threatened for the first time—and recover a respected role in the world.

Freud and Reich

REICH SPEAKS OF FREUD. *Edited by Mary Higgins and Chester M. Raphael. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 296 pp. $5.95.*

PAUL ROAZEN

Mr. Roazen is the author of the recently published Freud: Political and Social Thought *(Knopf) and teaches political theory at Harvard.*

Freud is unquestionably one of the greatest psychologists of all time, and he has done as much as anyone to revolutionize the ways in which we think about ourselves. His pupils have had a powerful impact on our cultural life, our psychiatry, so it is particularly interesting to us to understand what being close to the master meant to them.

For those in his immediate circle, Freud was an inspiring teacher, on the model of a Greek philosopher or a great rabbi. It is tempting to look back to those early days of psychoanalysis as a heroic era, even admitting the possibility of romanticizing the past. Today psychoanalysis as a field is incapable of attracting people as original and, it should be said, as undisciplined, as half a century ago.

Reich combined lasting psychological contributions with farfetched speculations. In the area of his contributions, psychoanalysis owes him an enduring debt for the development of its technique and theory. He was the first to recognize the inevitability of a patient's hostile resistances to treatment, and the first to spot the therapeutic usefulness of making such resistances a subject of investigation by patient and analyst. Reich also helped to shift the focus of attention from symptoms and verbal communications to character structure and nonverbal means of expression. Moreover, in terms of building bridges between psychoanalysis and the social sciences, he was one of the few early analysts to think about the possibility of ameliorating human suffering and evading totalitarianism through changes in family structure. Reich's emphasis on liberating human instincts was notable enough for Freud to have written *Civilization and Its Discontents* against him.

The latter part of Reich's life, however, is much more controversial. After divorcing his first wife, a former patient, Reich gradually drifted away from the mainstream of psychoanalysis. Without the moorings of friends and colleagues, he found himself beleaguered and alone. Although reputable schools such as A. S. Neill's Summerhill have been founded on his principles, Reich allowed himself to become the leader of a new cult. Persecuted by American government officials for his therapy based on orgone energy theory, Reich finally died in a federal prison.

History gets written partly by accident. Ernest Jones, Freud's official biographer, lived the longest of Freud's first generation of students, and most of what we know of that whole circle of people comes from Jones's version of events. On the whole, Jones wrote an expanded account of Freud's own conception of himself, ignoring the standpoint of pupils —such as Reich—struggling to fulfill themselves. Yet to understand Freud fully, one must explore more honestly his relation to his pupils. *Reich Speaks of Freud* is important because it sheds light on precisely that aspect of Freud's mind and character which Jones most conspicuously fails to interpret.

This book will undoubtedly seem a strange concoction. Like last year's Freud-Bullitt book on Wilson, its author speaks to us from beyond the grave. Much the most interesting part of it consists of tape-recorded interviews which Dr. Kurt Eissler conducted in 1952 on behalf of the Freud archives. Eissler had the foresight to interview the surviving early analysts about their contact with Freud. He never could have guessed, however, that this interview would get into print uncensored, since the archives has been so cautious about material in its possession as to make the innocuous as well as the purely private inaccessible to inspection for the next fifty or a hundred years. Characteristically, the Freud family refused to permit some quite harmless letters from Freud to Reich to be included in this book.

These interviews between Eissler and Reich will remain an important source of raw materials for all serious students of psychoanalysis. It is mainly gossip, to be sure, but what seems gossip to one generation may be history to the next. Life has of course its trivial chatter whose distortions are justifiably suspect. But with Freud, as with any important historical subject, our standards of possible relevance must be broad.

Amidst some of Reich's hyperbolic exaggerations, one finds here pungent descriptions of Freud's courage, his intellectuality, his Jewishness, his marriage, as well as his inner harshness and lack of interest in saving the world. Perhaps most moving is Reich's account of the contrast between Freud's sparkle and zest for living in 1919, and his gradual withdrawal and resignation after he was stricken with cancer in 1923.

Reich had his personal falling out with Freud. Like others, Reich expected a kind of attention and consideration from his teacher which Freud was increasingly unable and unwilling to provide. And the more Reich wanted him to be a social reformer, the more Freud kept his distance on the grounds of the neutrality of science.

By 1952 Reich no longer considered himself a psychoanalyst. As he grew emancipated from Freud's influence, Reich became aware that his own theory of genitality was not all to be found in Freud's early writings. Yet to the end of Reich's life he remained deeply identified with his former teacher. Unlike later followers of Freud who weakened the radical aspects of his work and junked the libido theory, Reich chose the early Freud to identify with, Freud the heretic, who wrote and thought shocking things. So we find Reich, like Freud, struggling to prevent his basic concepts from being "diluted." The revolutionary in Freud remained Reich's model.

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In terms of its structure, *Reich Speaks of Freud* belongs to the category of the non-book. Publishers are increasingly offering for sale undigested collections of material. Here, in addition to the valuable interviews with Eissler, are miscellaneous collections of Reich's correspondence and a few snatches from his writings. The editors have not properly integrated this material for the general reader. On the other hand, this book will be appreciated by those who need no such introduction and who would relish uncensored contact with one of Freud's most brilliant if erratic pupils.

Nation Book Marks

LIAM LENIHAN
Mr. Lenihan, a former newspaper man, is now a free-lance writer.

NO LAUGHING MATTER. *By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. 496 pp. $6.95.*

Angus Wilson's report on the decline of middle-class English life is more than a family novel which recounts the fortunes of the six Matthews children and their shabby-genteel parents over the span of half a century; it is a shrewd and compassionate appraisal of social and political England from its sunny, easy days of greatness to its twilight hours at Suez.

Hundreds of characters and incidents crowd the canvas, yet Wilson manages to juggle them all with consummate skill, and the relationships are all sharply drawn. Throughout the narrative, we hear the background noises of history: marching Welsh miners; the angry voices on the Left, discordant and disunited; the tramp of Mosleyite jackboots in the streets; the drawing-room chatter of appeasement; the German refugees crowding in. Wilson peppers his novel with odd bits of one of the characters' fiction and diaries, and even uses the play format on numerous occasions to give edge to his story, a technique which may disconcert some readers.

No Laughing Matter is often uproariously funny. But the subject is as serious as the title implies. And Wilson is always in full control of his material even when he dawdles or plays games.

FROM BEGINNING TO END. *By Jozsef Lengyel. Translated from the Hungarian by Ilona Duczynska. Prentice-Hall. 138 pp. $4.95.*

Jozsef Lengyel is introduced as one of Eastern Europe's most distinguished contemporary writers. A Hungarian, he took an active part in the famous Bela Kun uprising of 1919, fled to Austria when the Communist regime collapsed, and later went to Moscow. He was a victim of the Stalinist purges of the late thirties and spent the next eighteen years in prison, labor camps and Siberian exile. Lengyel was released in 1955 and returned to Hungary.

His book consists of two novellas and tells of the author's experiences both as a labor-camp inmate and, later, as a "free" exile. The camp document is the more absorbing story. Without self-pity, Lengyel depicts a brutalizing life where the main enemies were not the guards (they were generally humane) but the frightful cold, the constant hunger, the back-breaking labor. There, bread *was* the staff of life, and if a man found himself unable to work his bread ration was cut so severely that he starved—and died.

One brief note of criticism. The camp story trails off at the end, and might have profited from better editing. And there are numerous misspellings in both novellas.

ONE VERY HOT DAY. *By David Halberstam. Houghton Mifflin Co. 216 pp. $4.95.*

David Halberstam, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the war in Vietnam, makes a valiant effort to evoke the Vietnamese scene in a novel. Some of it is vivid: the emasculating envelope of heat, the sullen villages emptied of their men, the sudden ambush sprung by an unseen foe. Halberstam is writing here about that old and very different war in Vietnam when Diem was President and the American presence was restricted to "advisers." The story line is simple. A company of South Vietnamese officers and men go on a routine patrol through the Mekong Delta. They are accompanied by two American advisers, both of them officers and professionals. The company walks into a guerrilla ambush and, in the ensuing firefight, it suffers heavy casualties. One of the Americans is killed. The guerrillas slip away.

Halberstam writes about the war in an impersonal and detached manner. He never preaches and has no ax to grind. His characterization is poor, but what *does* come across is the image of a soldiery unwilling to fight and unable to comprehend why the Americans are there.

GIRLS IN THEIR MARRIED BLISS. *By Edna O'Brien. Simon & Schuster. 191 pp. $4.95.*

Edna O'Brien can be uproariously funny and joyously randy. Yet something is lacking in her novels which makes the end result never wholly satisfying.

Her present book picks up the saga of Kate and Baba, the convent school dropouts who prowled through the pages of *The Country Girls* and *The Lonely Girl* in search of sex and Mr. Right. In London now, both girls have landed their quarry, yet are restless. Kate is married to the man who had jilted her in Dublin and is the mother of a small boy. But she is shut away in a gray, gloomy house in the country, and nature and silence are too much for her. She drifts aimlessly into an alliance of sorts with a married man.

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loutish Irish hick who has made good in a big way and who clothes her expensively. But he is a sad sack between the sheets and Baba has a brief fling with a drummer who gets her with child. In the end, calculating Baba resolves her difficulty. She faces down her angry husband and blackmails him into accepting the drummer's child as his own.

Poor masochistic Kate has no such easy out but must walk the plank for her sins. Her affair ends but so does her marriage. Her husband carries her small son off to Fiji forever and Kate enters a private clinic and has herself sterilized. This drastic act of irrational atonement is explained by Kate after the operation as an effort to "eliminate the risk of making the same mistake again." But hasn't she ever heard of contraceptives?

One must finally agree with the critic who said that Miss O'Brien's gifts as a writer are larger than the uses she puts them to.

THE FLOOD. *By J. M. G. LeClézio. Translated from the French by Peter Green. Atheneum. 300 pp. $5.95.*

The story of this opaque and irritating novel by a young French writer takes place during twelve days in the life of François Besson, who has quit his teaching post and come back to live with his parents in a dilapidated house near the center of a provincial town. Besson listens to the playback of a tape recorder, lists the names of cars whizzing by his window, goes out for a meeting with girl friend and leaves her for some casual sex with a redheaded woman he picks up.

He sets fire to his room, wanders the streets lonely and hungry, enters a church and goes to confession, begs on the street in a mood of self-imposed penance and, gripped by a nighttime fear, wantonly kills an unknown person. On the last day, he takes a bus into the country, alights and walks toward the seashore. There, stretched out on a bed of pebbles, he gazes up at the hot sun until he is blinded.

As if this were not sufficiently unattractive, the author also supplies a weird, hallucinatory vision of a world slowly frozen into stillness in a lengthy 43-page introduction.

MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

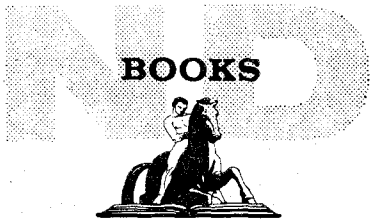
The function of public entertainment that serious music used incidentally to fulfill, but which has not been carried on by recent work—especially since the disappearance of "expressionist" surface—has now again begun to be taken up by some composers who know enough of current compositional developments to make use of whatever immediate and novel "effects" these can generate, without at the same time committing themselves to the "unpopular" necessity of dealing with the compositional implications of such "effects." These composers—quite legitimately for their ends—juxtapose "all kinds" of events, associations and projective media, in the sure knowledge that few people have any specific idea about what makes a succession of sonic phenomena "a piece," but do enjoy obvious variety and what they can immediately perceive as "characteristic" and "different," in addition to the simple titillations of outrageousness and incongruity. That this should be the public's "modern" music is wholly understandable: its first-performance availability, its "romantic" posture, its perpetual variety, mixed-media or otherwise, and its overt renunciation of conceptual or perpetual complexity commend it to popular favor.

And the new "entertainments" that result are by no means necessarily unsophisticated or overtly "anti-intellectual" in their surfaces, which often invoke associations with quite "advanced" and "serious" literary or pre-existing musical contexts. Thus, for example, Luciano Berio has used texts by Cummings and Joyce in his works, and equally distinguished literary names have appeared elsewhere. And the musical vocabularies invoked as referential "sounds" include the whole range of contemporary musical phenomena, from literally "pop" to those customarily associated with "difficult" work.

However the point is that such material is present for recognition in general rather than to function specifically, with characteristics of detail that are crucial to the perception of the "point" involved. In entertainment, their "point" is merely their identities, not their content, so that nothing problematic or not immediately recognizable is generated out of them, and no effort of discernment is required beyond noticing their presence, which (like the "classical" references in Britten et al.,) communicates a sense of "cultural" sophistication to their listeners—a major aspect of the "entertainment" objective.

Of course, new musical contexts cannot be created in this way, since it is the familiarity of the juxtaposed elements that is crucial to their usefulness in this medium. The difference between music where the *identity* of the reference is the whole point, and where the reference is a functional aspect of the composi-

NEW DIRECTIONS



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tional surface that articulates a special structural characteristic is most evident in the comparison of, say, marching-band quotations literally invoked by Ives with no apparent contextual relevance, and the quite unliteral marching band in *Wozzeck*, the "classical" references in Stravinsky, or the jazz surfaces of Babbitt's *All Set*. But the presence of such surface characteristics in the latter works undoubtedly explains why they have been more usable as entertainment than have works by the same composers in which such features do not appear. Under these conditions, the quick and happy acceptance of the new entertainments as the contemporary "thing" by journalists and —especially—by composers whose earlier work retained a conventional "symphonic" surface designed to evoke public identification with the "real" and "profound" music of the past, is not only wholly understandable but sociologically probably quite healthy in that it may relieve a public frustration with new music that has prevailed now for fifty years or more.

But from my point of view, the advantages for serious composition that this development represents are even more significant. For the esoteric researches of serious composers into the deepest issues of musical structure have encountered some very difficult socio-cultural going because of the schizoid-making requirement that they also fulfill the popular function so desperately desired even by some of their well-wishers. If the music of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner could fill these two roles simultaneously because the surfaces they generated in the conjoining of functional events could have all kinds of popularly interesting attributes imputed to them, this—by no apparent design or change of attitude on the parts of composers themselves—no longer appeared to happen with music since, say, Schoenberg and Webern. Therefore, if the current "specialization" of "serious" composition into the public's music on the one hand, and the musician's music on the other, removes that public frustration, it might also remove the public's resentment at the failure of the "other" kind of composer to produce a consumable commodity. And such a composer should be relieved of any lingering guilt at not behaving in this public-spirited way. Furthermore, by acknowledging his position as a pure researcher into music-structural phenomena, as a seeker after intellectual discovery in company with workers in other creative disciplines, he might now direct his appeals for moral support more realistically to colleagues in his own and these other domains, and—for the other kind of support—to those public and university agencies committed to the value of intellectual activity for its intellectual virtues independent of its ultimate "applied" public value.

The most positive evidence supporting this position is the fact that the striking success experienced by university-based new-music performance groups (especially the group at Columbia) in generating and sustaining their own, numerically considerable, audiences for "difficult" contemporary music has proved to be largely nontransferrable to the "regular" musical province. Those who have attempted this transfer have, it would appear, mistaken the conditions which this success has signalled. One aspect of the misapprehension has been the immediate proliferation of new-music activity which, although it has produced some excellent performances of new and "classic" 20th-century works (notably by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble under Arthur Weisberg, in residence at Rutgers), has also disclosed the sparseness of qualified performers and public response available in the regular concert-going world, and has thus threatened to fragment and weaken internally a vigorous, self-sustaining activity. At the same time, the obviously quite successful attempt to revive yet again the International Society for Contemporary Music (due largely to the extraordinary efforts of the composer Henry Weinberg), which has traditionally been the composers' own performance activity, is a highly encouraging development.

But the seriousness of the confusion has perhaps been most evident in the new series, "The New Image of Sound" given at Hunter College under the direction of Eric Salzman, which has made the most sustained and strenuous effort to expand the audience for "difficult" music by presenting it in company with "entertainment," as just one facet of a huge, happy diversity. The result, in effect, has been that each entire piece of such music has assumed the generalized mere-identity function in the context of the whole "entertainment" concert that "advanced"-sounding fragments have in the context of a single "entertainment" piece. This calls into operation a musical Gresham's Law whereby the qualities of all pieces presented are reduced to the terms of the least demanding and problematic.

The difficulty that arises therefore is not only a simple one of public approval but also a falsification of the basis on which such approval is solicited. For the diversity of serious-compositional approaches, of which I have spoken here often and fondly, must not be taken to mean an identification of "serious" and "popular," as it has evidently been understood in the most generous of spirits by the Hunter series. As Milton Babbitt has pointed out, the criterion which distinguishes "serious" from "popular" music is the degree of "determinacy" with which the precise characteristics of every aspect of every detail of a serious work is essential to its "identity." In contrast, "popular music" retains its "germane characteristics" even when *most* aspects have been altered. Perhaps this may seem to define what is to be regarded as "serious" to begin with, but whatever one calls it, the distinction among musical *kinds* not cotenable in a single frame of perceptual or conceptual reference seems to me unmistakable.

Thus the earnest and imaginative efforts made in "The New Image of Sound" and elsewhere to bridge this gap by surrounding "difficult" with "fun" music and thus assist in propagating the former has, in the main, given it the same chance for appropriate consideration as what we regard as a "Beethoven Quartet" would have if presented as part of the half-time activity at a football game. Even Stravinsky was not entirely equal to his encounters with Ringling Brothers and Billy Rose, and whether composers serve themselves or are served well by these incongruous juxtapositions is a question for them, their well-intentioned supporters and the serious musical public to consider carefully.

In invoking "The New Image of Sound" as an exemplar of a difficult problem, I don't at all wish to overlook its really interesting individual accomplishments. Thus, while it is not clear how the technical competence of a performance contributes to the theatrical effectiveness generated by Mr. Salzman's own *Verses and Cantos* (a montage of diverse musical—instrumental and vocal —verbal and visual modes of presenta-

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tion into a kind of perceptual *quodlibet* in a correspondingly expansive time framework) and in Berio's *Laborintus II* (a compendium of emotive theatrical gestures in the abstract, where the absence of generating context, musical or dramatic, underlines the mechanics of "effect" in a frequently amusing way), nevertheless the vocalists, notably the soprano Barbara Smith Conrad, and instrumental ensemble—a "university" group from Juilliard—seemed notably accomplished, and are potentially a valuable addition to new-music performance resources.

Milton Babbitt's highly subtle, complex and intricate *Philomel,* scheduled for this concert, was postponed; thus the full impact of the mixed-category idea was not felt until the second concert, which alternated performances by the extraordinary Composers String Quartet (Matthew Raimondi, Anahid Ajemian, Bernard Zaslav, Seymour Barab), a unique virtuoso ensemble in all the relevant musical senses, and the remarkably proficient Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Illinois. Now the String Quartet of Henry Weinberg that opened the concert is perhaps a model of the kind of composition whose notable virtues as music and thought are available only to the most attentive study and audition. In fact, it is music of a kind particularly difficult to talk about (let alone adjectivize journalistically); for once having described some composer (or composition) as the exemplar of a given approach, the later developments of that approach, however inherently original, manifest themselves in internal ways almost impossible to distinguish verbally from the works one happened to describe first. Thus the Weinberg Quartet, beneath a surface deceptively simple but lucent and subtly varied in sonority and articulation throughout, presents some highly interesting and original ideas, particularly in the relations of events having various senses of "equivalence" in terms of varying time-spans. One might say that the time-span and its particular subdivisions become articulate, foreground elements of the musical discourse. It (along with the more recent *Cantus Comemorabilis*) is unquestionably the work of a significantly accomplished and remarkably mature composer.

The other quartet on the concert, Ben Johnston's Second (Microtonal), was a serious attempt to construct a sense of ensemble continuity and development, one of whose principal means of discrimination is pitch variation by intervals smaller than the conventionally minimum unit in Western music. The work does achieve a remarkable sense of continuousness in unfolding, and a high degree of ensemble cohesion, but the tendency of the conditioned ear to reintegrate pitches to the tempered scale

VALMIKI'S DANCE

I can feel it boiling in my hands,
energy: the energy
to grab you by the roots of your breath
and shake crazy dreams
from your glands,
sunlight
turning all the oceans of the world
into laughter and steam.

Look: my hoofprint on your throat
is stronger than any death:
I will saddle a wild goat
and ride him to the ends of your face;
I will fill that broken cave,
your hate, with what "our time" demands:
a bloated unicorn, sweating
in a green wind.

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—except where apparent variants of "the same pitch" are either directly adjacent or actually juxtaposed—is a powerful block to the successful perception of the work's content at minimal acquaintance—a difficulty that was perhaps intensified by the directness of the compositional surface in other respects.

However, the piece that most suffered by being placed in company with the entertainment works on the program was the *Antiphony IV* of Kenneth Gaburo, because its sonorous context was much more immediately comparable to theirs: the "mixed-media" use of instruments, taped voice and pure electronics. *Antiphony IV* seemed to represent a genuine effort to generate ensemble music out of a mixture of synthesized and "performed" (instrumental, recorded-vocal) characteristics, all electronically projected (by miking, in the case of the "live" performers). In this performance, marred though it was by electronic-technical imperfections, many interesting and original details were evident on the work's surface, so that one feels impelled to explore the work more deeply.

Otherwise, the distorted-pop-song "conceit" of Salvatore Martirano's *Ballad* presented a rather one-dimensional though consistently clever and diverting "post-Webern" disposition of popular music qualities, associating with the tradition of *L'Histoire du soldat,* etc., but concentrating rather too broadly and directly on its gag and caricaturistic vocal effects to produce a compositional identity comparable to Martirano's previous works. One missed the toughness of musical mind and invention of his *Shakespeherian Rag,* particularly the tight control of succession that make the verbal "gags" which it, too, projects an integral compositional resource.

Whereas the broad scale of the Martirano tended to obscure the subtleties of the other works on the program, the final Suite for 2 pianos and tape by Lejaren Hiller simply trivialized everything with its perfectly executed and hugely sustained musical nonsense-vaudeville, a manifestation of high skill in the manipulation of musical and electronic materials for popular amusement.

The most recent concert in the Hunter series was quite different. It consisted of an entire program given by the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago (directed by Ralph Shapey and evidently the most distinguished of the Rockefeller Foundation-supported university ensembles). This superiority was manifest not only in the unusual clarity and security of the performances but in the consistent seriousness and high quality of the music programmed. Shapey's own *Partita* for Violin and 13 Players (performed by the accomplished violinist Esther Glazer) was particularly interesting as an indication of the recent direction of his work toward finely elaborated details, remarkably restrained and subtly configured surfaces, and, in general, toward music of a more impressively controlled and mature kind of diversity than the previous, broadly "striking" works.

Charles Dodge's *Folia* for large chamber ensemble had already been heard at Tanglewood (for which it was commis-

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sioned by the Fromm Foundation) and at the Columbia Group's concerts. It reveals a considerable compositional capacity at the beginning of its development, especially in its projection of structural associations into distinct and imaginative sonorous configurations.

Of the other works on the Chicago program, John MacIvor Perkin's *Music for 13 Players* seemed so concentrated on its alternations of sharply differentiated modes of surface continuity that it sacrificed some of the pitch-articulate cogency that projected a much more genuinely distinctive sound-and continuity-quality in the earlier *Caprice* for piano. And Richard Wernick's *Haiku of Bashō,* sung by the increasingly impressive soprano Neva Pilgrim, also generated a variety of "effective" sound-patterns (assisted by tape-recorded and spatially manipulated characteristics) without producing the individuality of sonority and context generated in Wernick's earlier String Quartet.

But it seems beyond question that this, and the Wolpe program given by the same ensemble the following evening, were among the most considerable new-music performances of this season, in terms of highly adequate representation of significant music not previously available here. And it seems equally clear that the Chicago ensemble has developed, under Shapey's direction, up to the level of our most accomplished and responsible university ensembles.

A subsequent column will report on recent compositions and performances of new music heard on some of the already established New York series.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

From Café La Mama, one of the first and best-known of the off-Off-Broadway theatre ventures, Paul Foster's *Tom Paine* comes to Stage 73, a little playhouse at 321 East 73rd Street.

The play has been given in London and in other European cities, where it attracted critical attention. Because very few such productions are seen in Western Europe, they strike spectators in that part of the world with considerable force. Their appeal is that of the pioneer, they open new channels of dramatic expression. Though such enterprises have been with us for some time, they are still relatively unknown to the general playgoing public. Despite the general spottiness of their achievements, they deserve better acquaintance.

Tom Paine is a sort of stage poem on the subject of the brilliant and unfortunate author of *The Crisis* and *The Age of Reason,* whose catchword "These are the times that try men's souls" is more familiar to us than his writing. The play does not bring Paine's political history any closer to those unfamiliar with it and does not really seek to do so. It has another aim.

The only concrete information offered is that Paine, who contributed significantly to fortifying the moral sinew of the American colonists, died in shameful neglect and obloquy among the people he helped liberate from English rule.

Tom Paine consists of short "expressionist" scenes, couched in grotesque or semi-burlesque imagery and coarse contemporary language, interspersed with improvisations by the cast on topical political themes. Every key fact or sentiment is embodied in some striking piece of stage action—acrobatic, dancelike, fantastic. Now and again there emerges a verbal flare, a phrase or an expletive which strikes home. But on the whole only the scenic metaphors maintain our interest.

Tom O'Horgan's direction creates the salient features of the evening. Paine is viewed as a split personality, part exalted prophet, part wretched alcoholic; two actors, one carrying the other back to back in a tortured crawl, demonstrate this ambivalence. During his French sojourn, Paine was condemned to death by the Convention for having urged clemency for Louis XVI; Paine crouches in his dungeon, tormented by nightmare horror of his expected execution. Then occurs the most brilliant moment of the evening: shadowy figures are seen sharpening knives (the guillotine!) from which sparks crackle and spurt in the dark. Not all of O'Horgan's visual inventions are as successful as these but they are all potentially illuminating; nearly all testify to his imagination.

The actors are none of them equipped for the tasks set for them: they haven't the training in movement, voice or speech to make their efforts better than valiant attempts at ambitious designs beyond their craft capacities. In Grotowski's theatre in Poland, at the Theatre on the Balustrade and similar units in Czechoslovakia, the actors have for years worked together daily with their directors. Whether or not the content of their results has substantial value, their execution is so thorough that one always beholds them with pleasure. Stanislavsky has been complemented by extraordinary gymnastics. The ensuing dynamics convey the sense of a new aesthetics and a new man in the making.

Our theatre rebels are not in a position —through background, opportunity, time, remuneration or subsidy—to bring their intentions to fruition. But in their reaching toward fresh effects they reveal something more than their technical inadequacy.

Such efforts as those by Paul Foster and Tom O'Horgan (sustained in this case by Kevin O'Connor whose tormented countenance is exactly right for the role of Tom Paine) express much more clearly than any specific ideology the desire to smash through the mediocre complacency of America's routine social and theatrical life. Unlike the English, they are driven to fashion out of their disaffection not the outcries or laughter of rage so much as chants of renewed hope, forms of enthusiasm and assertion.

To succeed, the rebel must attain mastery. Very few not already acquainted with Tom Paine will learn much about him from the Foster-O'Horgan play; but more discouragingly, no one not already inclined to echo the discontent and insurgency will be moved to acclaim these brave apostrophes of protest. I cannot therefore applaud their show as a finished and satisfying production, though I acknowledge the genuineness of the need it implies. It is a worthy thing to "experiment," but it is not enough.

Those who wish to change the world (if only the world of the theatre) must not merely be more determined but shrewder, wiser, more knowledgeable than those who occupy the seats of power. One must possess more than a pure heart and good will: one must acquire arms—of the brain, the body and the spirit.

For a time, while I was watching the unfolding of Tennessee Williams' *The Seven Descents of Myrtle* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre), I believed he might be on the track of a sound notion. But as the play proceeded to its moment of truth I realized that my expectation was to be deceived; at the end I was not simply disappointed, I was sore.

Myrtle, a good-natured, unlettered "chorine" in some bedraggled floor show in a Memphis dive, is approached by someone named Lot, a man of delicate appearance, genteel manners and literate accent. She is truly taken with him: in no time at all he proposes marriage and she gratefully accepts.

He brings her to his home in the backwoods country on the Mississippi which he shares with "Chicken," his half-brother. Chicken is the son of a low-lived dame of partly black ancestry. He is Lot's very opposite; rough, gruff, physically powerful, instinctive. He is the rude earth with all its sustaining vitality; Lot is dying of tuberculosis, impotent and hopelessly under the spell of his (now deceased) super-refined mother. Lot despises Chicken, but has kept him in the house because in his moribund condition he depends on his services.

In order to induce Chicken to stay on in the home Lot's mother has bequeathed to him, Lot has signed a paper leaving the house to Chicken upon Lot's

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imminent death. But when he returns from Memphis, Lot wants to get the paper away from Chicken. Chicken in turn fears that Lot's marriage may invalidate his claim to the house. He isn't sure that Lot has really married Myrtle and he wants to inspect the marriage license, which he believes bogus. Lot orders Myrtle to get Chicken drunk in order to steal the paper he gave Chicken; Chicken in turn asks Myrtle to get the marriage license from Lot.

All this may have social connotations. It suggests a parable of the South in conflict between the sickly "royal" blood of the past and the new vigor of the partly black power of the present. For my part, I supposed Williams was designing a more pertinent pattern in which the two men's struggle for mastery involved their using a guileless woman as a mere tool, with no feeling at all for her humanity. But no! What happens is that poor Myrtle is too innocent and helpless in the face of the realities which confront her (to begin with, she was unaware that Lot was fatally ill) to cope with Chicken, about whose very existence she has not been apprised. She is also horrified to discover that the home to which she had been brought is frequently and immediately threatened by flood. Lot calls Myrtle a whore because he fails in his plan to use her to bilk Chicken, to whose virility he believes she has succumbed. And so she has, out of the need for his strength and protection. Then Williams has Chicken say that nothing is real, true or important except the successful sexual union of a man and woman.

This statement (entirely out of character) is more a Williams fixation than a true thought. But it doesn't matter that I do not consider the doctrine—perhaps a D. H. Lawrence heritage—sane; it does matter than even in this regard the play offers an absurd premise. On the one hand we have a man already nearly dead (he does die at the final curtain) and on the other a tumescent husky (with the additional blessing of black origin) full of sperm and altogether competent to deal with the challenge of his environment. It is no contest. Either something basic has been deleted from the play or Williams, momentarily we pray, has lost his dramatic marbles.

For two acts his dialogue is lambently vivid, graceful, streaked with pungent humor. Thus, though the play is rather long (it has the shape of a *novella*) I was never bored until I realized that it was going to end in a conceptual bog and a narrative *non sequitur*.

Estelle Parsons plays Myrtle with a sharp sense of characterization and earthy charm, but the part and play being overextended, her performance barely escapes monotony. A good actress, Miss Parsons had better see to it that she is not trapped by her ability to portray the vulnerability of the sweetly simple-minded American woman and so be enticed by frequent invitations to do it again and again and again in dire descent.

The DMZ Cabaret, in the back room of Forlini's, a saloon at Broadway and 111th Street, is a group that is optimistic by virtue of its youthful energy but committed to pessimism by sober reflection. From the program notes: "The DMZ program will change continuously. . . . Thus, as today's problems such as the war in Vietnam, the draft, racial tension and the 1968 elections become history, new songs, sketches and poems will be added to deal with tomorrow's problems: the war in Thailand, the draft riots, civil war in America, and the 1969 elections." Or perhaps the ingratiating vinegar sting comes from the fact that, while the faces on stage are young, the heads behind the scenes are turning gray. In any case, you can bet that DMZ is being shaken up as this is written, for on the night that I was there the morbid prospect of LBJ's re-election brooded over the festivities.

Every town in America big enough to boast a bus line ought to support at least one such acid concert (New York should have a dozen DMZs). It is put together with minimum fuss (no sets, no costumes, a few hats) and the maximum wit available, which is to say that it is dependably but not invariably lacerating. It is always very fast. The room is absurdly small, the tables jammed into your knees (ventilation surprisingly good) and the performers talk and sing straight into your beer. Not "togetherness" exactly, but you had better be with it.

Riverside Productions, which puts on the show, is a group of writers and actors associated with Columbia University, around the corner. Isaiah Sheffer, who staged it, and Eric Bentley, who wrote more of the skits than anyone else, both teach there. So does Albert Bermel, who contributed a surgical song and dance on the Policemen's Benevolent Association. As might be expected, Mr. Bentley has brought those contumacious Germans, Brecht and Biermann into the skirmish; Jules Feiffer has written portraits that resemble the enbottled tragedians of his serial cartoons. There is a poem by Robert Lowell, a sketch by Eve Merriam.

The cast is Josephine Lemmo, James Antonio and Tony Harrison, with Bruce Kirle at the piano. They study drama at Columbia, work Off-Broadway and perform here as though raised from their cradles to upset the applecart. Backers, writers and actors, the whole DMZ project contrives to make a satirical revue look as easy as a walk in Central Park. It is a superior illusion. R. H

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Jean-Luc Godard is preoccupied by the interlaced realities and pretensions of life and theatre. He tries to cope, not very profoundly, I think, with these ambiguities in his narrative films and earns a name for obscurity. In the case of *La Chinoise* it is a pity, for the social and political concerns of the picture are ambiguous enough, and Godard's "layering" of meaning is a distraction (it isn't worth fiddling much with conventional production illusions to convey the notion that art and action are mutually reflecting phenomena).

Ignoring, then, the Genet-related epistemology, the subject at hand is an ideology-induced "trip" experienced by a small group of Paris university students during a summer fortnight. They have been loaned an apartment by the wealthy parents of one of them and proceed to turn these elegant quarters into a cell of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution. Their short-wave radio is tuned to Peking, Red Guard posters cover the walls, the shelves are crammed with the *Quotations from Chairman Mao* and extracts from it are written large above the fireplace and between the windows. Like all religious converts, these zealots out-Chinese the Chinese; like most rebels from tyranny, they subject themselves to a tyranny of emancipation. They would shut down (blow up) the intolerably doctrinaire university, and they hurl doctrine at one another from morning to night, betraying in their inconoclastic lectures the mannerisms of their erstwhile academic lecturers.

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because they care so deeply and know so little. And Godard's craftsmanship—his affinity for bold color, his mathematically elegant sets, the laboratory shine of his meticulous lens, his gift for implying relationships with unstressed gestures—induces in the viewer a mood of aesthetic indulgence.

But ignorance implemented by fanaticism in a closed system becomes more than a game for children. It isn't only that those who know nothing fear nothing but that they are capable of anything. In the later stages of the film, I am not certain how much of what happens is intended as action and how much as acting out. It doesn't much matter: the point is that these young moralists, abstracted for a time from a society which they mistrust in any case, finding themselves free to create a total community out of uneasy love for each other and unquestioning adoration of a revolutionary movement reduced to slogans, lose any sense of who they are and where they are. The little red book becomes their peyote and the Long March leads down the boulevards.

Godard works with young people as though he liked being with them, and they must like him, for they let down their guards as though he were not around. I wish he would curb his impulse to interview them: the revelatory monologue has become a present cliché and it stultifies the camera. But when they are working with and on one another, these boys and girls are extraordinarily real—vulnerable, honorable and frightening. They see themselves, and perhaps they are, the heirs, heroes and executioners of the Age of Confusion.

Psych-Out has arrived in the neighborhood theatres very opportunely to Theodore Roszak's *Nation* series on the counter culture, particularly to his comments on the media's sensationalized understanding of the movement. The film's approach is as much sentimental as it is sensational, but in any case the coin rings false. *Psych-Out* is not about hippie values but about Hollywood values. Item: the heroine, played by Susan Strasberg, is stone deaf—a certain trigger of the ASPCA impulse in family audiences. Item: the three hippie heroes, one of them afloat on LSD, are surrounded by three times that many sadistic hoods in a Los Angeles car dump; but it turns out that the flower boys are also karate choppers and they offer five minutes of the most inspiriting passive resistance since Spencer Tracy dropped off the train at Black Rock. Item: the "evil guru" of the film (Dean Stockwell) gives his life to save that of the girl whose dream of love he had previously tried to destroy with bad vibrations. It was a far, far better thing. . . .

I have no expert knowledge of the hippie scene but I frequent sections of New York where its members are present in large numbers, and the cast of this movie doesn't look authentic to me. It took me back to the westerns of my childhood, wherein young registrants at Central Casting were fitted out in fringed buckskin and brown paint and told to make like the implacable Cheyennes. They looked self-conscious then and they look self-conscious now. The dialogue of the film, particularly in the early passages, is especially estranging; it seems to have been composed less to communicate than to provide a glossary of hip terminology.

Psych-Out attempts to convey the sensory dislocations of the "consciousness expanding" drugs. It doesn't work, and I suspect it cannot work on the screen for the reason that movies have always used special effects to indicate emotional stress, and the psychedelic aberrations look merely like more of the same. We are shown the metaphors of confusion and terror, but in no sense do we get behind the eyes and into the mind of the tripper. A girl narrowly escapes death in a fire that consumes her brother; a moment later the drug "hits" her and as she flees the scene it seems to her that objects in her path spontaneously burst into flame. That is the most elaborate "psychedelic" episode in the film, and it could have been used any time in the past thirty years for precisely the effect it has here. Similarly, the dissolution of traffic into a phantasmagoria of light and sound and the transformation of friendly faces into masks of horror can be traced back at least to Dr. Caligari. Whatever the subjective experiences of the user, the effects of LSD film as madness, an old topic for screen melodrama.

Obedient to present custom, *Psych-Out* includes scenes of erotic undress. It strikes me that this development may cause a hiring crisis similar to the one that hit Hollywood when, with the advent of sound, it was found that such figures of desperate romance as John Gilbert spoke in bird calls. Most actresses in their 20s and 30s can strip to advantage, but the actors are not so fortunate. Few of them possess the necessary musculature, and their naked limbs take on a distressing resemblance to linked sausage. Stunt men could readily be employed for such scenes, since faces are not at issue; but the audience would soon catch on, and the psychological drawbacks would be significant. It is one thing to hire someone to double on horseback for a cowboy who cannot ride, but the public cannot be expected to respond well to a lover who employs a double in bed. It is a reflection on American society that by and large, the Continental male stars make a much better showing in their birthday suits. We need more calisthenics or less nudity.

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